









Yours sincerely,
Aldine S. Kieffer.

HOOURS OF PLEASURE

OR

VIGIL AND VISION

ANNES

DAYTON

RUEKUS KIEP

W. H. Kieffer

HOOURS OF FANCY:

OR

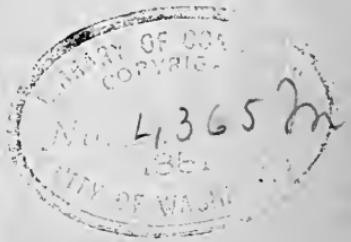
VIGIL AND VISION.

33

BY

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

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DEDICATION.

AS WHEN A CHILD
WILD FLOWERS WERE GATHERED AMID THE
WESTERN PRAIRIES AND TWINED
INTO RUDE WREATHS FOR
HIS MOTHER'S EYE:

SO NOW
IN LATER YEARS, THESE STRANGE WILD
FLOWERS OF THOUGHT GATHERED IN THE
VALES OF MEMORY AND FANCY, ARE LAID
AS A GARLAND AT HIS MOTHER'S FEET,
BY HER CHILD

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

CONSCIOUS within myself of the manner in which the following pages have been written, it is with some trepidation and not without feelings of regret that I make them public.

The manner I refer to will become apparent to the reader who will soon perceive great haste, immaturity, "inexperience and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished." The verses contained in the first and second divisions of these pages were written for the most part at odd moments, here and there, and with little premeditation or fore-thought. Some of them were written by the light of dying camp-fires; some in mountain hollows, after a

day's ramble; and others again in the midnight solitude—and all hurriedly. This is not said with any purpose or design of forestalling criticism, or of evoking it. I am too well aware of my own imperfections to be wounded by others telling me of them, and there is no anguish so deep and poignant as that of the consciousness of a failure. I should not now make these verses public if I thought that the years to come would present time and opportunity to prune and correct them for the better. Such as they are I send them out on the great sea of letters, to be blown hither and thither as ships without rudder or compass; and yet, I believe, some of them at least, will find a safe anchorage in the pleasant havens of warm hearts and sunny souls.

There are verses relating to incidents of the late war published in the first department, not for hate's sake, but because their author lived and wrote and suffered during the years when

Red war smote the land
With shock of battle and with flood of flame,

and for their appearance in this volume he makes no apology.

The Lyrics, comprising the fourth division of this

little book, now appear for the first time separated from the music to which they were originally wedded by such writers as UNSELD, MEYER, TENNEY and others. Many of them are familiar to the public. In a few cases the songs were written to the *melody* of the music, which will account for their unique and somewhat imperfect rhythm.

The reader, however, will become his own critic; will form his own judgment upon these verses; and with him I now desire to leave them to their fate.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

MARCH 1, 1881.



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AN INVOCATION.

O POESY ! for thee I hold my pen,
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven—should I rather kneel
Upon some mountain-top until I feel
A glowing splendor round about me hung,
And echo back the voice of thine own tongue ?
O Poesy ! for thee I grasp my pen,
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven ; yet, to my ardent prayer,
Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,
Smooth'd for intoxication by the breath
Of flowering bays, that I may die a death
Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
The morning sunbeams to the great Apollo,
Like a fresh sacrifice ; or, if I can bear
The o'erwhelming sweets, 'twill bring me to the fair
Visions of all places : a bowery nook
Will be elysium—an eternal book
Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
About the leaves, and flowers—about the playing
Of nymphs in woods, and fountains ; and the shade
Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid ;
And many a verse from so strange influence
That we must ever wonder how, and whence
It came. Also imaginings will hover
Round my fire-side, and haply there discover
Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander.

AN INVOCATION.

In happy silence, like the clear Meander
Through its lone vales ; and where I found a spot
Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grot,
Or a green hill o'erspread with chequer'd dress
Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,
Write on my tablets all that was permitted,
All that was for our human senses fitted.
Then the events of this wide world I'd seize
Like a strong giant, and my spirit tease
Till at its shoulders it should proudly see
Wings to find out an immortality.

—John Keats.



❧ VIGIL AND VISION. ❧

THREE VIGILS.

A THOUSAND camp-fires streamed their light
Along the chambers of the night,
And flashing through the forest wide
Illumined Rappahannock's tide ;
Or glanced their baleful lights on high
Against the cheerless winter sky,
That redly glanced, or darkly frowned,
As flashed or fell the fires around.
Old Fredericksburg in darkness lay
Between the lines of Blue and Gray,
And friend and foe looked on her spires
Lit with strange glamour by the fires :—
While silent sentries walked their round,
Or stopped to listen to the sound
Of river's splash, or owlet's cry,
That echoed to the dreary sky.

South of the town among the pines
Lay LEE's and JACKSON's veteran lines ;
Beneath their blankets worn and gray
They slept the midnight hours away,—

While winter winds sang low and chill
Among the pines on Marye's hill.

Some dreamed of death, and coming doom—
Of rifle-shot and cannon's boom—
Of charging ranks that swayed or reel'd
As shot and shell swept o'er the field.
And others in sweet dreams did roam
By youthful paths to childhood's home,
Or saw the eyes of beauty shine
In faces love had made divine.
Alas! how many a noble form
Slept all unconscious of the storm
So soon to break with sullen roar
And drench the plain with human gore;
Nor heeded, as the hours swept by
The wind's low, muffled, funeral cry.
And others slept, nor recked their sleep
Was but the prelude of that deep
And holy slumber of the grave,
Round which Time's billows break and lave,
And moan in vain, till Time shall be
Engulfed in one eternal sea.

Beside a glimmering fire, whose light
Fought with the shadows of the night,
Three soldiers stood and counted o'er
Past pleasures—fled forevermore;
And breathed their hopes or told their fears

Of coming days, and deeds, and years.
These three were comrades, and had been
In many a wild and fearful scene
Of blood and carnage, since the day
That valiant Blue and dauntless Gray
Had shed their blood like summer's rain
On drear Manassas' fated plain.
These three had played in childhood's days
Along the same old woodland ways,
Had often wandered, hand in hand,
Thro' mountain-path and meadow-land ;
Read the same books and grew to youth
Three souls of honor, filled with truth.
But, scarce had Youth's sweet morning past,
Ere borne upon the tempest's blast
War's trumpet notes, and battle's tide
Came surging by ;—and far and wide
It smote our Sunny Southern land
From mountain-peak to ocean's strand.
And now, beside the fading light
Of dying fires, this dreary night,
These three brave spirits stood and kept
Sad converse whilst the others slept.

The first to speak was DENVILLE DOLD,
Who, in brief words his story told,
How he watched the night before
And caught a glimpse of that far shore
Where war's wild waves shall roll no more.

“I stood,” said he, “far out, alone,
Where I could catch the river’s moan,
And watch the camp-fires fade and die
Against the drear December sky.
My post was underneath a pine
That Time had wreathed with grace divine ;
And through whose branches, bending low,
Wind-spirits sang their wail of woe ;—
And, by their dirges, full of gloom,
I heard my own approaching doom.
The constant stars of heaven above
Looked down in ministry of love,
But, O, so sad their pale light streamed !
Not like the nights when we three dreamed
Of Fame and Glory whose bright beams
Were to illume life’s latest dreams.”
“Comrades,” said he, “you know me well,
Nor friend may say, nor foe may tell
That ever, in the battle tide,
I faltered, swerved, or turned aside
At sight of any mortal foe,
Or quailed before a foeman’s blow—
Nor shrank from duty, since the day,
I donned this suit of Southern gray.
And yet, last night, whilst all alone,
I heard the river splash and moan,
And heard the owlet’s doleful cry,
And the deep forest’s mournful sigh—
And watched the meteors in their flight

Across the starlit plains of night :
A deep fear fell upon my soul
That wrapt me round as with a stole.
In that lone hour of night and gloom
I read of all my hopes, the doom ;
And saw with vision strange, but clear,
The wreck of all I once held dear.

I kept my vigil—for, no foe
Awaked my reverie of woe ;
No rifle-shot hissed thro' the gloom
To seal some lonely picket's doom ;
But, deeper round my spirit fell
The folds of that mysterious spell.
Around me rose the glorious Past,
Whose beauteous scenes are fading fast ;—
The orchard lane, the meadow lawn,
Where quails piped forth at early dawn,—
The church, the school-house on the hill,
The happy brook that turned the mill,
The dim, old forest, where we played
In boyish glee amid the shade—
All these, and more ! And with these came
The faces of those friends we name
In holiest whispers in the ear
Of God, who deigns to stoop and hear.
I thought of her whose form, enshrined
Within my heart and boding mind
Seems fairer than the saintliest face

That artist's pencil e'er did trace.
I thought of her sweet face—so fair—
And of the look of mute despair
That told more deep than words could tell
The anguish of our last farewell !
Aye, comrades, think you that the soul
At times, may break from life's control,
And read, with vision clear and free
The records of eternity ?
I think she read this fateful hour
When last we stood within her bower,
And when the whispered word, Farewell !
Smote on our hearts like a funeral knell.
But this is not an hour to read
The outlines of a mystic creed !

Once, when the river hushed her moan,
And brighter beamed the stars that shone
On yonder wold and wooded hill,
And Nature whispered, ' Peace be still,'
I heard, or thought I heard, my name,
 Thrice syllabled in tones divine,
As from the South a soft wind came
 That waked the dreaming, whispering pine.
And then, a small hand clasped my own
But, oh ! the touch was cold as stone :
A moment, and it slipped away,
Whilst denser darkness round me lay.
That touch, so strange, so icy chill,

Sent through my heart and soul a thrill
Of silent awe, and holy dread
Like that of watching with the dead.
I felt my hand, and looked, but, lo !
The ring she gave me years ago
Had left my finger—how, or where ?
Are questions idle as the air !
It was a token—and I know
Her spirit freed from earthly woe
Went up, last night, on wings of love
To yonder heavenly courts above—
But, ere she went, she passed me by,
And breathed in death, life's last good-bye !
Then sank my heart, as sinks the lead
From plummet line to ocean's bed ;
And from the sands of Hope's fair shore
The tide ebbed out forevermore.
But, when the Third Relief came round,
To change the sentries, I was found
At duty's post beneath my pine,
A sentry on the outer line.

All through the night, and through to-day—
Where'er my footsteps wend their way,
That vision of the night gone by
Seems ever present to my eye.
E'en now, in yonder coals, I trace
The outlines of that one sweet face,
And in the wind's voice murmuring by

I catch the whisper of her sigh.
It matters little now—we go
With morning's dawn to meet the foe ;
Perchance that doom, that soon or late
Awaits us at the hand of Fate.
I go to mine—but not a nerve
With coward twitch shall flinch or swerve
While our red-cross shall wave on high
Outlined against the battle sky.
But should I fall, pray, pledge me here—
By all that memory holds dear—
That you will make 'neath yonder pine
A tomb to hold this heart of mine.”

The next to speak was IRA BEE,
In whose sharp features one could trace
The fearless will, undaunted, free,
That looks unblanched in danger's face.
But now he seemed in thoughtful mood
And weighed his words, in tones subdued,
As thus he spake : “Last night I stood
On picket-post in yonder wood,
Where I could look adown the lines
Of foes, encamped in yonder pines,
Along the river's farther shore.
I heard their voices break and roar
Like ocean waves—far, far away,
When gentle breezes wake the spray.
I too, had visions, strange and wild ;

My mind was like a restless child
That will not sleep, though mother tries
Her softest, tend'rest lullabies.

Sweet Mother Nature sang for me
And sought to woo me to her breast,
But wilder than the wildest sea,

Thought's billows lashed in mad unrest—
Until my soul in that brief hour
Stood like a sentry on Time's tow'r,
That, looking far beyond Life's sea
Saw all the mystic *Yet to be*!

Once, when the cloud of fog and smoke,

That hung above the river's face
Was severed by the wind-wing's stroke,

I saw along the open space
Some demon's brow, whose visage dire
Lit by the gleam of hellish fire
Shine for a moment, and then fade
Into the gloom that night had made.

And, once, when watching toward the West,
Above the distant mountain's crest,
I saw long lines of spirits glide
In all the pomp of martial pride.

Their brilliant armor flashed and gleamed—
Above them their bright banners streamed—
And then they closed in mimic fight
Along the starlit plains of Night!
Our red cross on its field of blue

Smote on the heav'ns its lustrous hue ;
And then the scene dissolving passed
Into the darkness deep and vast ;
And, sentry-like, alone I stood
At picket-post in yonder wood.
Can spirits of the mighty dead
Whose hearts in these wild years have bled
And ebbed away on battle-plain,
Come back to this poor earth again ?
Or do they, in the ambient air,
Camp round about us everywhere ?
Or march with us along the way,
Or nerve us in the battle-fray ?
I know not what such visions mean,
As DENVILLE DOLD and I have seen :
But I have heard our grand-dames tell
Of omens wild and what befel
To those who, blest with second sight,
Behold the mysteries of the night.
But let us wait ;—lest I mistake,
 To-morrow's morn shall hear the roar
Of battle-billows as they break
 Red-capped with foam of human gore !
And when the night again comes down
Upon the spires of yonder town
Our red-cross banner in her pride
Shall on the breeze triumphant ride.
But O, how sad to gaze around
On those who slumber on the ground,

To know that some of them now sleep
Upon the bridge that spans the deep,
Mysterious chasm that lies between
These mortal shores and those unseen—
And with the reveille shall wake
Their latest look of morn to take.
But I, if I have read aright
My vision wild of yester-night,
Have deeper doom to meet than they
Who on the morrow pass away,
For I shall march through all the years
That war shall flood with blood and tears,
Till white-winged Peace shall come to reign
Once more, above our sunny land ;
And then, upon the last red plain
My life-blood shall bedew the sand.
But let that be ! it matters not !
No love-lorn maid shall weep for me
In silence o'er the lonely spot
Where all my dreams shall cease to be.”

The last to speak was SERGEANT KAY ;
No braver ever wore the gray,
Nor marched, nor fought, nor lay beside
A camp-fire in the forest wide.
He turned, and to his comrades said :
“ No vision wild hath crazed my head,
Nor filled my heart with strange dismay
At any time, through life’s long day !

I have been told that I was born
One August night, at midnight's hour ;
And through that night until the morn
A tempest raged with fearful power ;
And that the vivid lightning's gleam
Illumed my life's awaking dream ;
And thunder's voice pealed loud and clear
Its greeting on my infant ear.
Was this an omen? tell me, pray,
Or but the chance thing of a day?
I neither know, nor care to know !
But this is true : where'er I go
I see no scenes so passing fair
As storm-clouds clashing in the air ;—
No glance so fair as lightning's gleam,
That flashes on the torrent's stream,
Nor hear a sound so grandly sweet
As thunder-peals that hills repeat.
My life has been a wild delight
Of revel with the storms of night—
A blending with the scenes of strife
That wreck the battle-fields of life ;
And yet, no token, dark or bright,
Hath come to me by day or night !
But, comrades, see ! the morning gray,
Climbs up the eastern skies away,—
And underneath yon lustrous star
Morn's rosy gates will soon unbar.
Hush ! hark ! what's that ? a rifle shot ?

Another, and another ! What ?
Our wily foes so soon awake,
The stillness of this hour to break ?
Or is it but some picket's play,
To warn us of approaching day ? ”

Scarce had he spoken, ere the clear
Sharp crack of rifles ringing near,
Along the sentry line revealed
The storm now breaking o'er the field.
Then beat the drums their wild alarms,—
Then rose the cry : To arms ! To arms !
While veteran legions used to war
Grasped for their rifles ! near and far
The wild commands in tumult rang—
As sabres from their scabbards sprang--
And couriers hurrying to and fro
Gave orders where to meet the foe.

Great Jove ! it was a splendid sight,
To see the morning flash her light
Against the banners, and the sheen
Of bayonets and sabres keen !
As rank on rank moved quick away
To meet the onset of the fray !
Then rang the sharp, quick, rattling peal
From every throat of burnished steel,
And on the foe their terror pour'd—
As volley after volley roar'd—

And cannon echoing boom for boom
Smote through the sulphurous clouds of doom
In wild discordant notes of hell
As trembling columns reeled or fell !
Now wilder and more darkly grand,
 Fresh legions sweep across the plain,
And close in struggle hand to hand,
 Beneath the storm of leaden rain !
Then fiercer rang the battle cry
That tingled to the farther sky--
And redder flowed the crimson tide,
From living fountains gushing wide
That bayonet, and ball, and blade
In many a human heart had made !
No pen may paint in colors well
That fearful miniature of hell !
Where mangled corses bathed in gore
By neighing steeds are trampled o'er,
And broken skulls, and many a form
Torn by the crash of battle's storm,
Lie heaped around each palisade,
Where fiercest struggle had been made.
Here lay War's ruins--heaped and pent--
 The dead and dying--friend and foe--
With broken muskets--ensigns rent--
 And over all the pall of woe.
Now, like old Ocean, when the roar
Of tempest dies along the shore,
And weary waves in sadness moan

Along the surf-beat cliffs of stone—
So ebbs the battle-tide away—
So sinks the terror of the day.

The fight is o'er, the day is done,
The sulphurous clouds roll slow away ;
Behind the Blue Ridge sinks the sun,
And softly beams his parting ray.
The purpling twilight, far and wide,
Falls soft on Rappahannock's tide—
And gathering deeper, fold on fold,
Envelopes wood and open wold.
Now hushed and sweet the holy night,
Bends down from her imperial height,
And folds her tender arms around
Each form that decks the gory ground.
Like some sweet Priestess at her shrine,
She murmurs low her prayers divine,
To soothe some sufferer in his moan,
Whose life ebbs toward the Great Unknown ;
Or points some dying eye, afar,
Beyond the light of evening's star,
Whose tender beams illume the West
And beckon to the land of rest. .

A thousand faces ghastly white,
Upturned against the starry sky,
Have all forgotten how to light
The soul's quick fires within the eye.

Here sleeps a boy whose forehead fair
Should claim a mother's kiss and care ;
But on whose brow and curls of gold
The death-dew sparkles clear and cold ;
And near his side a veteran lies,
Whose hand in death yet feebly tries
To touch the face of that fair boy—
But death denies e'en this poor joy !
And heaped around, the wounded sigh,
And moan, and groan, and long to die,
Or whose glazed eyes, in mute appeal,
Turn to the dead who cannot feel.
Around these, guns and caissons piled,
With human brains and blood defiled,
But from whose brazen throats no more
The sullen boom of War shall roar ;
While steed and rider, friend and foe,
Around them slumber cold and low,
And over all Night's starry crown
In regal splendor sparkles down.

Across the field, at dead of night,
The ambulances wend their way,
Amid the ruins of the fight
That glitter in the moonbeam's ray.
And with the wounded—foe and friend—
In Mercy's deeds united blend,
To soothe the dying, or to save
Some comrade from a soldier's grave ;

While flags of truce stream soft and white
Adown the silent halls of Night.

Among the dead, so still and cold,
In death's embrace slept **DENVILLE DOLD** ;
Two gaping wounds adown his side
Told where had ebbed life's crimson tide ;
But to the last his Vision wild
In peaceful beauty must have smiled,—
For, lying on his tranquil breast,
A portrait sweet his dead hands pressed—
And floating proudly to the sky
His red-cross banner waved on high.
They bore him from the field away,
Enshrouded in his blanket gray ;
And **SERGEANT KAY** and **IRA BEE**
Laid him to sleep beneath the tree
Where he had heard the river moan
Along his picket-post—alone.

Above his silent dust the pine
Pours forth its mystic strains divine,
As summer's breeze sighs o'er the plain,
Or winter wails his wild refrain.
And after days the fact revealed
That, on the night his doom was sealed,
His loved one's spirit passed away
Thro' death's dark portals into day.

Through all the thrilling, changeful years,

Begrimed with blood, bedewed with tears,
And filled with ashes—till the land
Grew black beneath destruction's hand ;
Until our flag, once proudly bright,
Went down the stormy vault of night :
And then upon the last red plain
Brave, dauntless IRA BEE, was slain.
He fought—he died—he sleeps—'tis well !
But where he slumbers none may tell.
No friend, no maiden comes to lave
With silent tears his unknown grave ;
But constant stars in beauty keep
Their vigils o'er his holy sleep.

But SERGEANT KAY still walks the earth,
And mingles with life's fateful storms ;
The magic hour that gave him birth,
Begirt him round with guardian forms
Who, watching, shield his every way
Through doubtful night or stormy day.
He lives to see our banners furled—
No more to flash along the world ;
He lives to feel our dark defeat
With dreary woes and ills replete ;
To feel the taunt, the gibe, the jeer,
That tingle harshly on the ear,
And tear afresh old wounds apart,
That healing only scar the heart—
And throw across the soul's broad plain

The shadow of a mighty pain—
All these he lives to feel and share,
Yet bids defiance to despair !

Ah ! happier far those hearts that keep,
In battle-trench a soldier's sleep ;
And over whom sweet Nature weaves
Her coronal of buds and leaves,
To hallow through the summer hour
The holy scene of fallen power.



7. 4.

THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

“ How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country’s wishes blest.”

No marble statues in their voiceles woe,
Keep mournful watch o’er those who slumber low,
No lofty pyramids o’erawe the plain,
Cephrenus-like, to guard the martyr’d slain ;
No tumuli are reared to keep the dust,
Which kept so faithfully a nation’s trust ;
Nor gilt mausoleum nor towering fane
Record the valor of the mighty slain.

Alone they sleep, their land too poor to weep
In chiseled grief, for those her valleys keep ;
Alone they moulder, but their graves’ green sod
Is loved by us,—who loved them,—next to God.
But not alone their recompense I raise—
Far better bards shall sing in loftier praise
Of those before whose glorious deeds must pale
The lustre of Thermopylæ’s bright tale,
Tinseled with fame by thrice a thousand years,
Nor as it then, but as it now, appears ;—

Of those before whose deeds old Marathon,
And Waterloo, when France was left undone,
Must seem but mimic frays ere soldiers fought,
Clad in the gray that Southern matrons wrought.

These heroes sleep—their knightly deeds shall live,
While gray-haired Time hath yet an hour to give
To bards who sing, or those who ponder o'er
The classic pages of a nation's lore.

A sire shall tell his grandson on his knee,
Of the immortal bands who fought with LEE ;
An ASHBY—STEWART—legion is their name,
Who stand empyreal in the lists of fame ;
But brighter still stands one collective head,
Fame writes it thus, "THE NOBLE UNKNOWN DEAD,"
Who sleep, from Rio Grande's tortuous tide,
To where Potomac rolls in classic pride :
Who sleep a hundred well-fought fields upon,
From Petersburg to fated Donelson—
From Gettysburg to Chickamauga's plain—
From Fredericksburg to Charleston on the main ;
By flood, by fell, in densest wold and glen,
Slumber the ashes of these mighty men.

How sleep these dead ? alas ! on many a plain,
The drifting sleet and pelting wintry rain
Beat on their tombless bones ; or it may be,
The wild December winds in all their glee,
Wail mournful dirges through the skulls that lie

Unknelled and coffinless beneath the sky,
Perhaps the field-mouse now a shelter finds
In that grand temple which was once the mind's.

Some sleep in earth with scarce enough of clay
To hide from view the mold'ring blankets gray ;
Nor stone, nor stake, to mark the lonely spot,
Where slumber those whose names are now forgot
By all save those who mourn a darling son,
Or she who widowed weeps an absent one.
Some calmly sleep whose only meed of fame,
The simple cross, recording but the name,
Reared by some comrade's hand, whose tender care,
Thus placed affection's latest tribute there.
Some in dense forests, where the pine-tree waves,
With terebinthine fragrance o'er their graves,
Keep slumber deep, whilst gentle winds that sigh,
Strew shadows of the cloudlets passing by,
Upon the "moldering tombs of moldering leaves,"
That Nature builds o'er those for whom she grieves.
Some sleep, who gave themselves a sacrifice
For Freedom's cause, where nature's altars rise,
And o'er whose dust old Winter weaves a shroud
Of whitest woof from out his ebon cloud.
Some sleep by crystal rivers where bright waves
Reflect the dancing sunbeams on their graves,
Where sweet forget-me-nots with azure hue,
And shining daffodils, weep pearly dew.
Some sleep where limpid, babbling runnels crisp,

Whose task from morn to morn seems but to lisp
In liquid notes, mellifluently bland,
The tender requiem of a mighty band.
And many a form, alas ! whose lonely grave
Is far beyond the land he fought to save,
Sleeps on, forgetful of the solitude,
Till dust once more with life shall be indued.
Above their couch no mother's foot shall tread,
Nor mother's tear shall ever there be shed ;
No sister's voice with suppliant tone in prayer,
Shall ever mingle with the evening air ;
Nor maiden band, in happy summer hours,
Shall strew their lonely graves with buds and flowers.
Alone ! alone ! oh God ! and shall these sleep
Without a shaft their memory to keep,
That future nations, when this race is fled,
May read thereon inscribed, "THE UNKNOWN DEAD?"

Some sleep in quiet, where the church-bell's sound,
Peals sweetly o'er the consecrated ground ;
Where gentle hands, each anniversary morn,
With woven garlands every grave adorn.

Thus through the land—in vale, and glen, and dell,
On mountain, hill and plain, by flood and fell,
By bubbling fount, by stream, and restless tide,
Obscurely sleeps a nation's glorious pride.

How mourns the land, thus widow'd of her might,

Whose hopes have sunk in wretchedness and night?
To whose fair clime stern fate and conq'ring foe
Bequeathed a gloomy heritage of woe!
No pious mockery with hollow show,
Is passed as grief for those who slumber low;
Nor pompous pageantry in woe's disguise,
Parades the streets to wonder-loving eyes.
But through the land meek Sorrow sits resigned,
By every hearth—enthroned in every mind.

Beside her fire the widow sits alone,
And ever on the night-wind breaks her moan;
The daughter once of affluence and pride,
In mean attire, now weeps for those who died.
While the long train of beggared orphans roam,
Far from the shelter of their childhood's home;
And whose sad souls with wail of grief and woe,
Rend heaven above o'er those who slumber low.

In woe's habiliments the land is clad,
And Nature weeps as though herself were sad.
Well may she weep, for never yet were born,
On earth's broad surface from Time's earliest morn,
Such god-like men, whose souls, tho' quenched in night,
Have writ in glorious deeds a record bright.
Down through the tide of years that are to-flow,
With brighter lustre still their names shall glow,
And time shall prove, whatever now is said,
That not in vain their priceless blood was shed.

Truth cannot die, although her glorious light,
May for awhile be hid by Error's night,
Yet time shall see her full effulgence shed,
In radiant streams round the CONFEDERATE DEAD.

DIRGE.

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
And the April clouds shall ever
Weep, weep, weep,
Tears of grief o'er those who never
Faltered when the storm of battle,
Smote the hills with cannon's rattle,
But with hearts as proud as free,
Dared to die for liberty.

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
And the golden stars shall ever
Keep, keep, keep,
Through the night of time—forever,
Watch above the slumbering legions,
Who have found Elysian regions;
Watch above the sacred dust—
Hearts that kept a nation's trust.

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
While the wailing winds shall ever
Keep, keep, keep,
Chanting mournful dirges ever,
O'er the dust of those whose glory

Shall forever live in story,
Lustrous, quenchless, deathless, bright,
Until time shall end in night.

Sleep, sleep, sleep,
And the voice of time shall ever
 Keep, keep, keep,
Breathing notes of praise forever,
In a bold and martial measure,
O'er a nation's slumbering treasure,—
Hymning until hope be fled,
Pæans for the “UNKNOWN DEAD.”



SIR FONTAINE'S RIDE;
Or, The Knight of the Golden Horse-shoe.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

I.

IN those dim days so long gone by,
When old Virginia lay
A sylvan wilderness between
The Blue Ridge and the Bay,
SIR SPOTSWOOD fresh from Blenheim came,
With knightly scars and well-earned fame.

He builded near Germanna Ford
A little house of prayer;
A village, and a fortress, too,
SIR SPOTSWOOD founded there;
In good King George's name, the land
He ruled with firm, but knightly hand.

He gathered round him noble men,
Brave, daring, kind and true;
He dubbed them knight, and gave to each
A badge—a gold horse-shoe:*

And bound them with a mighty oath
Liegemen to King and country both.

No one upon his scarlet coat
Might wear the golden shoe
Till he could prove that he had crossed
The Apalachian blue,†
And drank, upon some rugged height,
King George's health on New Year's night.

And one JOHN FONTAINE,‡ bless his name !
When he was made a knight
Swore he would climb some mountain peak
Each coming New Year's night,
And through the tangled forests ride
Seven days, each year, from Christmas-tide.

“So let it be!” SIR SPOTSWOOD said,—
“A fearful vow is thine ;
Two golden shoes to thee I'll give,—
One hath a charm divine :
The very dead will own its sway
When once pinned fast to blue and gray.”

These noble Knights Tramontane rode
On many a wild foray,
Did battle with the Indian tribes
In fierce and bloody fray,

And year by year they slowly pressed
The savage hordes toward the West.

Near twice a hundred years have fled
Since their wild deeds were done,
And they have passed with all the dead
Beyond life's setting sun ;—
No chronicle is left to tell
The fate unknown that each befel.

"Tis said that ere SIR FONTAINE died
His charmed horse-shoe was lost,
And that upon his dying bed
Uneasily he tossed
And moaned aloud : "I dread the day
When that shoe rests on blue and gray ! "

But what he meant none ever knew,
And so SIR FONTAINE died—
But it was held in after years
That on the Christmas-tide
His spirit on his coal-black steed
Rode through the land with fearful speed.

II.

Long years went by, and near Mine Run
Stern STONEWALL's legions lay,
In that wild time when battle's tide
Rolled o'er the Blue and Gray ;

And filled our sunny land, in vain,
With tears and blood, and heaps of slain.

His weary legions lay and slept
Upon the frozen ground,
Whilst round the camp the sentries kept
Their silent, watchful round,
While winter winds sang shrill and clear
A requiem o'er the dying year.

Upon the morn of that strange day
A trooper Gray had found
A little casket made of steel,
With copper linkets bound ;
Safe in his cartridge-box he placed
The trinket with foreboding haste.

Upon the outposts of that camp,
Beside a dying fire,
The trooper broke that casket strange,
Impatient with desire :—
And lo ! within a small horse-shoe
Pinned to a silken ribbon blue.

He turned it round—behold his prize,
With precious gems inwrought ;
A three-month's furlough scarcely then
That trinket would have bought ;
Upon his breast he pinned it fast,—
Then heard a fearful bugle blast.

It smote his ear but not with fear
For he was bold and brave,
And scarcely would have paled to see
A dead man from his grave ;
Yet once again upon the blast
That bugle call went rushing past.

Then like a Northern streamer shone
That horse-shoe on his breast,
Each separate gem a glory threw
In lines towards the West ;—
And near him now, with eyes aglare,
Two chargers snuffed the wintry air.

The one was black as death's dark plume,
On whose broad back there sat
An olden knight in scarlet clad,
With spur and plume and hat ;—
The other steed was white as snow
That gleams beside the river's flow.

“I am SIR FONTAINE,” spoke the knight,
“Now mount in haste,” said he,
“For thou shalt ride this New Year-tide
Across the land with me,
And drink on yonder mountain height
King George's health this New Year night.”

Impatient neighed the white steed then ;—
The neigh prophetic rang,—

Into the saddle with a leap
The startled trooper sprang,—
And then the chargers quick as light
Flashed through the chambers of the night.

On, on they sped o'er hill and vale,
Through flood and tangled fell,
But SIR JOHN FONTAINE seemed to know
His way most wondrous well ;
Whilst now and then a meteor cast
A glamour on the scenes they passed.

Once by a ruined church they rode,
Round which a churchyard lay :
Strange spectres stood among the graves
In judgment-like array ;
But not a word SIR FONTAINE said
As wilder, faster on they sped.

On, on they swept past Stanardsville,
Along the turnpike way
That leads through stony Swift Run Gap ||
Since good King George's day,—
And soon they gained the mountain's height,
And paused them in their maddened flight.

“Now right well ridden !” FONTAINE said,
“A royal, knightly thing !
Dismount thee here and drink with me

Of this old mountain spring ;
Drink the King's health and there shall be
A sight this world no more shall see."

They drank the draught,—around them rose
A cloud of roseate light ;
Then FONTAINE grasped the trooper's hand
And cried, "Thou art a knight !
A royal knight for one brief day,
Yon charm is pinned to Blue and Gray!"

Then, like the summer's noonday sun,
That golden horse-shoe shone :
And over mountain, tow'r and cliff
A flood of light was thrown ;—
And, ringing on the wintry tide,
Strange bugle blasts rang wild and wide.

Old knights from graves of long ago
Now gathered near the spring,
And drank as spirits only may
A health to George the King ;
And turning on the trooper, cried :
"This is a merry New Year's ride!"

But when SIR FONTAINE raised his hand
He broke the mystic spell,
And forth from heaven's blue, starry vault,
An awful meteor fell ;

It smote the spring—then far and wide
Deep silence filled the midnight tide.

Next morn, 'tis said, a mountaineer
In chasing game that way,
Chanced by the ebbing spring to find
The dying trooper Gray,
Who told his tale—then closed his eyes
And passed beyond earth's wintry skies.

And now SIR FONTAINE rides no more,
His soul at ease doth rest,
Or, in the distant Aiden rides
Upon some nobler quest ;—
And with him passed, beyond the blue,
The long-lost charm—his gold horse-shoe.

* Sir Spotswood, during his expedition across the Blue Ridge, instituted an order known as Knights of the Golden Horse-shoe. The badge of this Tramontane Order was a golden shoe. It is singular how these reliques have disappeared from the Old Dominion. Dr. R. H. Tatum, of Virginia, remembers a member of his family during the past generation to have seen one, supposed to be the last of these badges left.

† A name given to the Blue Ridge range of mountains by Gov. Spotswood in his famous expedition of 1716.

‡ John Fontaine came from the mother country to Virginia in 1713, for the purpose of exploring the country, and was made a member of this order. *Vide Dr. Slaughter's History of St. Mark's Parish.*

|| It is a historic fact that the first party of white men who ever crossed the Blue Ridge were these Knights of the Golden Horse-shoe, and that they passed through what is now known as Swift Run Gap. This highway was opened for public travel by order of King George III, in 1764. *Vide Acts of the Assembly of the Colony of Virginia.*

THE PHANTOM BRIDE.



A NEW YEAR'S STORY.



THE day had died ; the sacred night
Was dark as Nile ;
Dense clouds absorbed the moon's soft light,
The star's sweet smile.

Old Ocean, like a god in pain,
Moaned in the bay,—
And wild waves wailed a sad refrain
To ruins gray.

On this wild night, the last of all
The failing year,
The mirth-mad town kept festival
With goodly cheer.

But one there was among the throng
Of that gay town,
Who walked amid the mirth and song
With half a frown.

By gilded hall and parlor door
 He hurries past ;
Heeds not the mirthful song, the roar
 That fills the blast.

He wanders onward, and the streets
 Grow still and cold,
And further on the pathway greets
 The open wold.

Across the barren, broken fields
 He winds his way,
By memory's lamp that ever yields
 A faithful ray.

And now he hears the splash of waves
 Beneath his feet ;
And round the grave-stones and the graves
 The wild winds beat.

For he had gained the surf-beat wall
 Where, long years gone,
A good man reared a chapel hall
 Of polished stone ;

That it might prove a light-house for
 Some sin-tossed soul,
Amid Life's elemental war
 When wild waves roll.

A moment, and he passes through
The chapel door,
And down the aisle, by vacant pew,
He steps once more.

What needed now the taper's light
That well-known way !
Not darkness, storm, nor ebon night,
Could check or stay !

He mounts the winding stair and gains
The organ loft,
Where erst in youth he heard refrains
Wild, weird, and soft.

And, joy ! the organ still is there,
As when in youth,
He waked its chords to praise, and prayer,
And love, and truth.

A truthful sexton, grave and old,
Beside the sea,
This weird and wondrous story told,
One morn to me.

Who added further, that the man
Had loved, in youth,
Strange, magic, mystic lore to scan
For Occult truth ;

And that he loved in those glad days
A maiden fair,
Whose beauty was above all praise,
Beyond compare.

She was to have been made his bride
One New Year's day;
But, just the eve before, Death's tide
Bore her away.

He said the shock of sudden grief
Deranged the man—
Who fled the place and sought relief
In far Iran.

He studied cabalistic lore
By Nimrod's grave ;
Slept in strange shrines along the shore
Of Euxine wave ;

Learned secret charms from magian sage
In Persian lands ;
Knelt in old temples worn with age
On Lybian sands ;

Walked in the wilderness alone—
Kept vigils deep ;
Saw, like old Jacob on the stone,
Strange things in sleep,—

Until, like Endor's witch, he found
In some wild hour,
A charm o'er Stygian sleep profound :
Unearthly power !

Grown wise at last, in years, and all
That man may be,
He sought once more the chapel hall
Beside the sea.

Above the scenes and solitude
Of that lone hour,
His master spirit seemed to brood,
With subtle power,

As if to waken some high deed
To glorious birth,
In splendors that should far exceed
The light of earth.

But now his fingers tried the keys !
Low, sweet, profound,—
Old harmonies that used to please,
Came smiling round ;

And, like some wonderful perfume,
From spice-clad shore,
They filled with fragrance all the room
From ceil to floor.

And hark! it must have been the blast
That rang the bell,
For in the belfry clear and fast
It rose and fell ;—

But suddenly the waves of sound
Grew low and faint,
And then a glory shone around
Each pictured saint,—

A glory streaming filled the hall
With heavenly light ;
Each window niche and frescoed wall
Shone sweetly bright.

Then wildly deep and nobly grand
The anthem rolled :
The organ knew the master's hand,
His touch of old !

Responsive to the pulsing waves
Of tuneful breath,
The sainted sleepers from their graves
Stepped out of death :—

Through vestibule and chapel door
The shadows glide,
Like billows broken on the shore
Of death's blue tide.

Some knelt beneath the pictured saints
In lowly prayer ;
Some made their melancholy plaints
To Mary there.

Old choristers long absent there
Walked down the aisle,
And clomb again the winding stair,
Smile greeting smile.

Amid the throng was one sweet face
Of queenly mould,
Clothed on with loveliness and grace,
Fair as of old !

In samite robes of purest white—
A lovely bride ;
Rich gems and gold flashed out their light
In dazzling tide.

Fair as the angels that we see
In holy dreams,
When far beyond the mystic sea
The Future gleams.

By crucifix and virgin pale,
And font of stone,
She hurries to the chancel rail—
There stands alone !

A glory overflowed the room
Till now unseen,
While censers swinging shed perfume
Amid the sheen.

Then rose the organist to view
The shining scene ;
Oh, Death in Life ! that face he knew,—
His young heart's queen !

The same sweet face—the smile of old ;
The golden hair ;
How fast Time's billows backward roll'd,—
Why stands she there ?

A moment, and the living stands
Beside the dead ;
And there were clasped two shining hands
Above each head !

An aged priest, whose locks were white
As winter's flow,
Whose sacred stole shone like the light
Of fire on snow,—

Arose, and read the holy rite
That made them one ;—
No mortal ever saw such sight
Beneath the sun !

The living wedded to the dead—
And Death so fair!

The pale priest blessing either head
With hands of prayer.

But with the blessing of the priest,
One fearful blast
From out the chambers of the East
Came rushing past ;

And smote the belfry till the bell
Rang wild and wide
A dreary, weary funeral knell,
On night's dark tide.

Strange lights gleamed forth among the graves,
And then went out ;
The shivering winds and surging waves
Gave one great shout

That smote the dismal, doleful clouds
And pierced them through ;
And let the moonlight fall in shrouds
From windows blue.

The chapel hall once more grew still
And dark and cold ;—
The winds died on the wooded hill
And frozen wold.

The riven clouds rolled from the skies
And quickly fled :—
And in the waves the starlight lies :—
The year was dead.

Next morn the organist was found
By chancel rail ;
Death's bridal wreath his temples bound
So peerless pale.

His days had been a lonely strife
With anguish fed ;
The magic deed that crowned his life
Awoke the dead,

And with the dead he found his bride ;—
Then ceased to weep !
In quiet church-yard, side by side,
Their ashes sleep.



A NEW YEAR'S VIGIL.

IN Fairfax wood a little chapel stands,
A ruined chapel, round which angels keep
Their nightly vigils, and around whose walls
The now forgotten dead unheeded sleep :
No song peals out above their sainted dust
Save that which Nature sings to Nature's God ;
No mourner comes with gift of tears and flowers
Wherewith to bathe and beautify the sod.

To this lone chapel came one winter night,
A weary horseman who had lost his way,
In those fierce days when Red War smote the land,
And gallant spirits wore the Blue and Gray :
His steed was weary and himself was faint,
Lost and alone, he scarce knew what to do,
For all the country round was full of foes ;
To venture further were not wise he knew.

Dismounting from his steed he gave him corn—
Then entered cautiously the chapel door ;
Lit up a fire within the olden walls
And spread his blanket on the oaken floor.

The year was dying, for it was the night
Whose coming morn should crown the young New Year,
And so he thought to watch till morning light
Should show the Old Year laid upon his bier.

He heard the voiceful winds sing mystic songs
Among the pines above the sainted dead,
And as he listened on his rapt soul fell
A sad, mysterious, reverential dread ;
He heard the answering call of doleful owls
Far out amid the bosom of the wood,
These, with the place, and with the graves around,
Gave Meditation melancholy food.

He saw the firelight gleam in fitful smiles
Upon the time-stained ceiling overhead ;
And heard strange whisperings in the chapel aisles,
Like those we hear when watching with the dead.
Sweet faces gleamed among the dying coals,
Shone for a moment and then passed away,—
And once, he thought, he saw the face of one—
The perished idol of his Summer Day.

Lo ! on a sudden down the chapel aisle
A golden glory shone from heaven above,
And peace, fell like a robe around his soul,
Whose whispering accents only breathed of love.
Then spake a heavenly visitant and said :
“ Sir Cavalier, to thee, to-night, I bring

These faded gloves, this tress of silken hair,
This little picture, and this gem-set ring.

“These are the keepsakes that I gave to thee,
When death was calling from the other shore ;
And in this chapel here, a New Year’s gift
I place them all within thy hands once more.”
So spake the voice, and silence reigned again,
The golden glory fled the chapel hall ;—
The trumpet’s blast rang out upon the wood,
To horse ! to horse ! resounds the bugle call.

Quick as a thought the cavalier awakes
And mounts his charger for the fateful ride ;
A fierce, wild flash—a plunging, screaming shell—
Two ghastly wounds—a gushing, crimson tide,
And life’s last dream of earthly love was o’er ;
Beneath his dying steed the rider lay :
A double gift the New Year brought to him—
The cavalier had found at last his way.

Twice did the New Year dawn that day for him :
Once round a ruined chapel here on earth,—
Once in that brighter chapel Far Beyond,
Where immortality of love hath birth ;
And there she met him, she of whom he dreamed,
Not with a faded glove, but with her hand,
Her own sweet hand, thrice purified and blest,
Gloved with the glory of that upper land.

AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

THE sounds of mirth and music all have fled ;
The hall is quiet, and the guests withdrawn ;
The gladsome New Year greetings have been said,
And happy hearts to life's strange War have gone !
The joyous day with all its mirth is dead,
And softly falls the snow upon the lawn :—
O human life ! that I should linger here
To watch the shadows of another year !

The fire upon the hearth sheds warmth and light.
As through the fuel creeps the golden flame,
Just as of old,—when on the New Year's night
Friends of my youth with gifts and gladness came
To waken in these halls some new delight,
In mirth and glee and many a harmless game.
But now I sit alone, my room is still,
While falls the snow beside the frozen rill.

Long years agone ! how happy now ye seem,
Your lights beam out, but leave the shades behind
That then were mixed with life's ambitious dream ;—
And in my heart, to-night, I only find
The memories of love, whose radiant stream
Of heavenly light doth yet illume my mind.

Guests of the past still throng my soul's wide hall,
While snows and shadows on the bleak earth fall.

Friends of my youth, where are ye now! O where?

Gone like the visions of a New Year's day!

I hear your voices on the midnight air,—

I see your faces in the coals that play

Their hide-and-seek amid their ashen lair:

That for a moment glow, then die away.

Sweet spirits of the past! I linger here

Where falls the snow and winter winds are drear.

I too shall follow to that far-off Land

From whose strange bourne no traveler returns!

I feel, to-night, some guardian angel's hand,

Beneath whose touch my inmost spirit yearns

With earnest longing, on that shore to stand

With the "rapt seraph that adores and burns."

That I may share with you the greeting cheer,

Where lasting pleasure crowns the glad New Year.

O blissful thought! to dwell upon that shore

Where no storms come, and snows may never fall,

To sing again with happy friends of yore

Who throng with gladsome hearts that Temple Hall,

From whose sweet precincts they go out no more;—

While golden glories gather over all.

Sweet home of rest and everlasting light,

Would I might share thy bliss this New Year's night!

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

GENESIS XXI: XII-XXI.

“And she went, and sat her down over against *him* a good way off, as it were a bow-shot: for she said, ‘Let me not see the death of the child.’ And she sat over against *him*, and lift up her voice, and wept.”

“And God heard the voice of the lad; and the angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, ‘What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he *is*.’”

WEARILY a woman wanders through Beersheba’s barren sands,

While the sterile waste around her to the glowing sky expands;

And the fervid sky gleams fiercely, pouring down its furnace heat

On the sad Egyptian, Hagar, and the faint lad at her feet.

Flying from a jealous mistress and from Abram’s tender care,

Son and servant in the desert, ready now to perish there;

Faint with terror, thirst and hunger, wearily they onward go,

Speechless in the fiery anguish of that fearful hour of woe.

For the water in the bottle all was spent, and parched
and dry
Shone the yellow sands around them underneath a
cloudless sky ;
Not a sigh or sound of pity reached them from the
wastes around,
Death alone seemed walking near them in that soli-
tude profound.

God of Israel ! how the mother - heart sank then in
Hagar's breast,—

When the lad could smile no longer tho' by mother-
lips caressed ;
When his hand slipped thro' her fingers limp and
listless, like a band,
And the weak knees with their burden sank upon
the glowing sand.

There amid the scanty shadow of a thorn-bush grow-
ing near,
Hagar cast the lad, and with him all that now to her
was dear,
And withdrew a bow-shot from him in her misery
and grief,
For she could not look upon him, powerless to yield
relief.

Dark-eyed, dark-haired child of Hagar, Ishmael, thou
wert nothing then,

Left to die beneath a thorn-bush—far from tents of
kindred men,—
Oh! could Sarah then have seen thee, her fierce an-
ger would have grown
To a tender fount of pity even had her heart been
stone.

God of Abram! how the mother prayed in that fierce,
fateful hour .
None hath told us, none may ever, but she prayed a
prayer of power ;
For while moaning in her anguish for her dying,
darling boy
Forth an angel swept from heaven with a message
of great joy.

Saying : “ What doth ail thee, Hagar? quickly lift thy
weeping eyes,—
Lo, a fountain bursts to glad thee, glancing to these
burning skies—
Seek the lad and fill thy bottle, God hath heard thine
and his cry,
Paran’s land awaits to bless thee, journey on, thou
shalt not die.”

Who can paint the grateful gladness of that weary
woman’s heart,
As she saw the clear, cool fountain into living fresh-
ness start ;

Lifted up the boy and blessed him, called him back
to life again,
Kissed him—blessed him—and then journeyed forth
to find the tents of men.

Yet the sands drift in the desert of Beersheba's drear
domain,
And the fearless sons of Ishmael pitch their tents on
Paran's plain,
And God's promise unto Hagar standeth steadfast to
this day,—
While the restless ages moving slowly wear the worlds
away.

God of Abram! still have mercy on the Ishmael of
to-day,
And the weary Hagar flying from a Sarah's wrath
away;
Grant a Paran for their dwelling and Thy love to be
their guide
Through the waste and barren places in life's wilder-
ness so wide.



A POET'S DEATH.

A POET lay on a couch of pain
With a fevered brow and a throbbing brain,
 And a weary, aching heart ;
For his faith was shaken by storms of doubt
As the dream of his life was fading out ;—
The man was sore and faint throughout,
 Ready to die and depart.

A watcher sat by that couch of pain,
But his words of solace were idle and vain,
 For sick was the soul of the man ;
But the watcher gazed as the night went by
At the troubled face and the sunken eye ;
While Cynthia looked from her home on high
 And smiled—as no other can.

But the sick man slept—in a troubled way—
As the summer-night wore fast away :—
 But the watcher grew half afraid
As he felt invisible shadows glide
Thro' the vine-clad casement standing wide ;

Filling the room with a mystical tide
Of silken whisperings made.

The poet moaned like a little child
That dreams of running thro' forests wild :--
His thin lips parted and then he smiled,
And thus a song he sang :

“Over the purple, moonlit sea
Cometh a vision fair to me !
Cometh a vision fair to me
Over the purple, moonlit sea !
A snowy sail and a golden barque !
And the rowers rowing on
Are clad in vestments of living light,
And their foreheads gleam like the dawn !

“Vision of beauty ! it draweth near !
Gliding along on the silver tide,
Gliding along on the silver tide,
Vision of beauty ! it draweth near.

Happy faces and forms I see !—
The form of my mother, who prayed for me !
The face of my sister, who sang for me !
And the fair-faced maiden who was to be
The bride of my heart, the soul of my soul !
Whom the monster, Death, on a dark night stole
From her happy home on the meadow lea.
Stole her away from her home and me,
From her happy home on the meadow lea.

But see ! O see !
She cometh to me,
Gliding along in a golden barque,
Over the purple, moonlit sea !

“The prow of the boat has touched the strand,
And the singers are singing a song;
They beckon to me and they bid me come
To join in their festal throng—
And this is the burden of their song :

“‘We come, we come, from the beautiful land,
We come, we come for thee !
From the far-off shores of the Morning strand,
We come, we come for thee !
Our rowers have rowed the whole night long
Over the silver tide ;
And we bear to thee from the silent land
Thy beautiful, fair, young bride !
We come, we come from the beautiful land,
We come, we come for thee !
From the far-off shores of the Morning strand,
We come, we come for thee !’”

The song grew still, but the man made moan,
Like a weary wind that sighs alone
Thro' a desolate hall at night ;
And the watcher saw that a thought had set
Like a signet-seal on the forehead wet
With the cold, dank dew of death ;

He touched his hand, but the poet was gone
Out of the night and into the dawn ;
And the morn like an emerald lay on the lawn,
And the watcher had looked on Death.



MEMORIES.



Down the meadow lands of memory as I walked this afternoon,
Paused I by a ruined temple where we knelt in life's warm June,
Wreathing round it many a garland, many a fragrant, rich festoon,

Kneeling there I paused to listen to the music of the spheres ;
Caught the perfume and the whispers of those happy vanished years,
Saw life's gladness and its sadness through a flood of blinding tears.

For the veil of our fair temple now is riven, rent in twain,
And the incense of our censers may not fill the court again,

With their fragrant odors soothing weary heart and
aching brain ;—

For the vail of our fair temple now is riven, rent in
twain.

Vacant seats, and empty censers, and a broken, ruin-
ed shrine,

Faded laurels lying round it, and a barren, trampled
vine ;

Weary, dreary desolations of a wealth once mine and
thine.

Holy memories gather round me as I think of that
last feast,

When we worshipped with our faces turned toward
the glorious East,

Chanting psalms and swinging censers, thou a priest-
ess, I a priest ;

Holy memories gather round me as I think of that
last feast.

Golden dreams and songs of glory float around me
as of yore,

Waves of re-arisen pleasures lip the sands on Mem-
ory's shore ;—

But the vision fades before me, and the earth is earth
once more.

For I see the hills around me shorn of all their beau-
ty now ;

And the valley holds no temple at whose shrine my
knee may bow,
Nor a priestess who could shrieve me or could seal
again my vow.

Day is dying, and my vision turns toward the glow-
ing West,
While the gleaming of the Evening Star wakes long-
ings in my breast,
Longings for the stilly night-tide and the hour of
quiet rest.

Stars like angels' eyes are beaming and the full May-
moon looks down,
On the dreaming meadow willows ;—on the moun-
tain's stony crown ;
On the quiet little churchyard, and the thoughtless
slumb'ring town ;
Stars like angels' eyes are beaming and the full May-
moon looks down.

Thro' this Vale of Tears and Shadows, westward now
my journey lies,
Thither tend my pilgrim footsteps, thither tend my
longing eyes,
To the regions Eucharistic where glad hallelujahs
rise.

In yon clime of joys supernal where eternal summer
glows,

We may meet in that Great Temple that no broken
altar knows,
Where the music and the banquet and the day shall
never close,
In yon clime of joys supernal where eternal summer
glows.



A VISION.



AN angel came by night and touched
Mine eyes with sleep profound
And in a moment placed my feet
On Zion's sacred ground—
And bade me look around and see
A vision of the things to be.

I looked and lo ! before me lay
Fair Judah's sacred hills,
Her ruined cities, wasted plains,
Her broken founts and rills ;
But all at once night's diadem
Revealed the Star of Bethlehem.

Strange, lustrous, bright, its glory threw
A glamour o'er the scene,

On Calvary, on Carmel's height,
And Lebanon's green sheen—
Whilst from the charmed vault of Night
The star fell down on Zion's height.

Where fell the star a city rose
Fair, beautiful and bright ;
Its walls and gates and towers divine
Streamed forth their floods of light,—
A sea of glory filled the land,
From mountain peak to ocean strand.

Then rose a mighty shout of joy,
From unseen spirit bands,
The mountains bowed their lofty peaks,
The forests clapped their hands—
While earth, and sea, and heaven above
Swelled forth the song of Wondrous Love.

Old prophets of the misty past—
Old bards of sacred song,—
Bright bands of Hebrew maidens fair,
And Judah's warriors strong ;
A countless host rose from the dead,
With banners gleaming overhead.

From East, from West, from North, from South,
Long lines of pilgrims came,
From every clime, from every tongue,
Of every race and name ;

Those who had followed--though afar--
The glorious light of Bethlehem's Star.

I woke:—but on my raptured ear
Sweet songs of triumph dwell,
And beauteous scenes yet haunt my brain
That words can never tell,
And on my longing heart still lies
That mystic dream of Paradise.

O, glorious City of the Blest,
Thou Mother of us all !
I long and wait to see thy light
On Judah's mountains fall—
To mark thy bulwarks and thy towers,
And rest in thy eternal bowers.



DEPARTED DAYS.



O DEAR departed days !
O days that come no more !
O sea of joy, whose wave hath ebbed
From mortal shore !

Thy tide shall flow no more :
Thy wrecks lie on the strand ;

And Memory walks with shoeless feet
Thy barren sand.

I tread where thou hast been
O sea of days! gone by—
An arid waste lies out beneath
An ashen sky.

Here lies Hope's painted hull ;
Her broken masts are gone,—
Her rotten decks scarce hold the ghosts
That walk thereon.

Love's fairy craft lies there,
Round which the sad winds sing :
The tide went out, returned no more,—
Poor, stranded thing !

But where the radiant forms
Whose gentle, lily hands
Once bound each other's golden curls
With silken bands ?

Aye, they have perished too,
Along this ocean strand :
The fire of life strewed ashes here
Upon the sand.

Light ghosts go tripping by :—
No perfume in their hair,

No song, no voice, no whispered breath
Disturbs the air.

O sea! O bark! O soul!
O days that come no more!
O Memory, why walk ye here
This dreary shore?

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

And now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is Charity.—II. Corinthians.

"Tis sweet to have that Faith which looks
Beyond earth's clouds of doubt and gloom;
That paints a rainbow on Life's storms,
And wreathes a glory round the tomb.
O Faith, sweet Faith! with gentle hand
Thou leadest us through darkling ways,
And thou wilt safely guide at last
To Zion's courts of endless praise.

"Tis sweet to have that Hope which cheers
Our wearied hearts whilst wandering here;
That sweetly smiles away our fears
Through every fleeting, changeful year.

O Hope, sweet Hope! thy smile canst cheer
 The fainting heart, the longing soul;
 Canst bid us sing of harbors fair,
 However wild the billows roll.

But sweeter far that link Divine
 That binds us to Immanuel's breast;
 That Love which yields a foretaste here
 Of yonder home of endless rest.
 O Love, sweet Love! that bids us share
 Another's joy, another's woe;
 What bliss wilt thou not yield to us
 In that blest land to which we go.



HOPES THAT PERISH.



ALAS! how many a dream of bliss
 Fades out before our eyes,
 As day by day the chilly mists
 Obscure our mortal skies.

Perchance some little laurel leaf
 From off our brow is torn;—
 Some bird of song that built its nest,
 From out the nest hath flown.

A faded flower, a tress of hair,
A letter, or a ring,
Oft breathes a tale we would not hear ;
The song we dare not sing.

While in each heart some joy is nurst
And fondled day by day,
Close at its feet some wild despair
Lifts up its voice alway.

No sunlight gleams that does not cast
A shadow on some spot ;
My joy may be another's woe,
My grief, his happy lot.

Oh ! if the secrets of our souls
Lay out in open view,
How you would pity me, my friend,
How I should pity you.

Our hearts at best are living tombs
Wherein dead treasures lie ;
And joy on timid feet walks past
With half a tearful eye.

Then let us weep with those who weep,
And smile with those who smile ;
Our griefs, our joys,—aye, life itself—
Last but a little while.

A PICTURE.



As passing clouds that fleck the summer sky
And strew their shadows on the vales below,
Pass on and on, melt into mist and die
Beneath the sun's effulgent, fervid glow:—
So do our hopes and pleasures pass away,
But leave their shadows on the soul's broad field ;
While fiercely glows the sun of life's red day
Upon our aching heads that have no shield.

A glowing desert lies behind our backs
Thro' which we trod on bruised and bleeding feet ;
And ashes, tears and blood lie in our tracks,
That wind by bitter streams that ne'er grow sweet ;
Before us lies the boundless, dread unknown,
Hid by futurity's dark veil of clouds ;
Where grow the fruits of seeds that we have sown,
A pregnant realm of shadows and of shrouds.

A strange, sad journey is life's little day,
With all its petty ills, its griefs, its pain ;
Its joys that flash like lightning on our way,
And like the lightning vanishing again,
All—all to end in one long, dreamless night
Where foes disturb not, and no fears annoy :
Where dust and darkness set their seals of might
On life, light, love, and all of grief or joy.

But dust, and death, and darkness shall not reign,
Sole lords forever in a night profound !
“Let there be light !” shall echo yet again,
And Lazarus-like the world to life shall bound,—
A new creation from the old shall rise,—
Free from the curse, the thorn, the guilty stain :
And a new day shall gild eternal skies,
Born out of Time’s long, dreary night of pain.

A RHAPSODY.



UPON the silent hills the daylight dies,
As I sit musing on life’s fitful dream,
Till darkness soothes my soul, and from mine eyes
Shuts out the hateful glitter and the gleam
Of man’s frail work ; and tunes my heart to hear
The low, sweet song that Mother Nature sings
For each poor child of dust and doubt and fear :
A song whose harmony a quiet brings.

I muse on our sad years :—they glide away
Like ships that bear our treasures out to sea ;
Each morn a snow-white sail sweeps o’er the bay
With lightsome grace, and pennant flowing free ;
At eve ’tis seen no more ; the vasty deep
Hath closed upon it, and the weary night

Hath seen it settle down to dreamless sleep
Beyond the reach of human aid or sight.

Day after day declines, and night comes down ;
Dream after dream fades out before our eyes ;
Hope after hope decays and finds no crown,
No coronal of joy before it dies ;
The wine of Love grows bitter to the taste ;
The smell of roses hateful to the brain ;
The savor of Life's salt still runs to waste,
And Death and Darkness only are not vain.

And yet, beneath the stars, upon the hills
By darkness shrouded, and from men removed,
I hear the ripple of the silver rills
And voices, whispering, as if they reproved
The wayward thoughts that fill a wayward soul ;
While a mysterious something—undefined—
Awes my whole being, and with sweet control
Speaks this mild language to my tortured mind :

“The world owes more to Crosses than to Crowns ;
More to the Thorn than to the Laurel Leaf ;
Less to the princess in her tinseled gowns
Than to the widow in her rags and grief ;
So quiet thee, poor soul, and tread thy way,
Tho’ rough the path, by Sorrow’s night o’ercast,
And learn ’tis well that earthly hopes decay,
And sink into the Dead Sea of the Past.

“Life is the crucible that fines thy gold
And fits it for the Temple courts above ;
And Sorrow’s rod, like Aaron’s, doth unfold
A deathless bud, whose opening bloom is Love.
Repine not, then, at dreams that fade and die,
Nor for the dead hopes buried in thy breast,
But know, while Darkness shows the stars on high,
That Death is but the Gate that leads to Rest.”

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

ST. LUKE XXIV: XXXIX-XLII.

I NEVER dream of heaven but that I see
Sweet fields, bright streams and ever blooming vales,
And vine-clad hills, and every fruitful tree,—
Whose fragrant boughs no cheerless blast assails ;
And crystal founts that play perpetually
In gardens green ; where over all prevails
The purple light of an eternal day,
Whose breath is incense, fading not away.

And in my dreams I see a city fair,
Whose jasper walls, and golden domes appear
In excellence, beyond the mind’s compare ;
And through it winds a river bright and clear,
Whose waters lave the flowers blooming there,
That know no change through an eternal year ;

And round about the city mountains high
Serenely smile beneath a summer sky.

And in my dreams I see a happy throng
Of sentient forms, though free from sinful wiles ;
With hearts to love, with voice to utter song,
And hands to clasp, and lips to fashion smiles ;
And eyes that shoot their glances far along
The heart's deep chambers, that no sin beguiles,
And rounded limbs disease may never thin,
That know no want, no care, and free from sin.

They err, who think that heaven is but a realm
Peopled alone by immaterial forms ;
Were such the case my bark, without a helm, [storms
Would drift on Thought's wild sea, whose fogs and
Would wrap me round, and rushing, overwhelm
All faith, all hope, that now my spirit warms ;
And doubting all, a night would gather here,
In whose dark robe and crown no stars appear.

Who dares conceive a heaven where naught exists
Save metaphysic shadows, thin as air ;
A land whose firm foundations are but mists
Too fine for sight, that rest we know not where ;
And myriad human souls, that in the lists
Of heaven appear without a guise to wear,
Or form to clothe—if such a thing could be,
Were not the whole a bare nonentity ?

Not such the Land whose golden-gloried smile
From Nebo's brow entranced a Moses caught :
Not such the Land to which, up heaven's broad aisle,
The fiery steeds for old Elijah wrought ;
Not such the Land that John from Patmos' isle,
Saw in his vision of enraptured thought,
But boundless, endless, glowing, grand, sublime,
A world of bliss, a fragrant, fruitful clime.

And sometimes in my dreams this world of ours
Grows like a bride adorned her Lord to meet ;
And souls redeemed throng Eden's blooming bowers
With life and love and happiness replete,—
Who tune their hearts to joy through endless hours,
And pluck the fruit of Life's fair tree and eat,
And find at last, when all has been forgiven,
In earth, itself redeemed, a perfect heaven.

MARYE'S HEIGHT.

BENEATH an old Virginia pine
That stands on Marye's height,
O'erlooking Rappahannock's tide—
Three soldiers lay one night ;
But ere they folded round their forms
Their thread-bare blankets, gray,

They talked of youth, of life, of death,
Of loved ones far away.

One spoke of happy years to come
When war's wild storms were o'er ;—
His love was constant as the stars
That burn for evermore.
He dreamed no danger could befall
While she for him should pray ;
And so he looked, strong, hopeful man,
To some sweet, future day.

One talked of loved ones far away,
Of wife, and children three,
Who prayed, like him, to see the day
When war should cease to be ;
And so he hoped, poor, loving man
That death his path might shun,
Till he should kiss once more his wife,
His daughters, and his son.

One spoke of vanished days and years,
Whose lights and joys had fled ;
Of one fair face, whose radiance had
On him its beauty shed—
But which, alas, for him ! now shone
Upon another's form ;
And so he longed to shake Death's hand
Amid the battle's storm.

The morrow came, that wild, wild day
When rolled the battle tide
By Marye's Hill, by Stafford Heights,
By Rappahannock wide ;
The red day waned, the night came down,—
The moon, so fair and bright,
Looked down on many a gallant form
Now cold and ghastly white.

And he who looked for coming years
Lay cold and still in death ;—
And he who talked of wife and son,
Had spent his mortal breath ;
But he who hoped for death, and had
No future hopes to charm,
Walked through the harvest-field of death
Unhurt by battle storm.

And thus it goes—through life's long day—
They who have most below
Of Love, of Hope, of Happiness
Are soonest called to go ;
While they who moan life's journey through,
In bitterness and tears,
Find death denied, and doomed to walk
A weary round of years.

KISSING BY THE WELL.



IN the land of eastern story
Strewn with wrecks of ancient glory,

Like a lawn with autumn leaves,
There are ruins that surprise us,—
Temple walls whose age defies us,—
Broken shrines that solemnize us:—

Yet the heart for glory grieves.

In that land of faded glories,
Where the dust is full of stories

That no tongue can ever tell!
There's a spot I love to think of,
Where in olden days, the pink of
Eastern beauties came to drink of
Our old father Jacob's well.

Ah, those pretty maids of Sychem!
(Who with soul could help but like them!)

With their eyes of wondrous light?
Even yet the whispering fairies
Tell the loves of Ruths and Marys,
Gentle Magdalenes and Sarahs,
Round this olden well at night.

There in mystic, antique ages,
Prophets, bards and royal sages,

Told their loves when twilight fell ;—
Breathed soft words in love's warm measure,—
Dreamed sweet dreams of fame and pleasure,—
Drew sweet draughts of living treasure
From the heart's unfailing well.

By a well of living water
Jacob kissed old Laban's daughter—
Fair-faced Rachel, half-divine ;—
And though earth with age is hoary,
Still she owes one-half her glory,
More than half her sacred story,
Rachel, to that kiss of thine !

Though thy heart with dust hath blended,
Thy heart's *love* hath never ended !

Israel's daughters live to-day !
Rachels, with their sunny faces
Still make glad the olden places,
Leaving on Time's page new traces,
As the old years die away.

Lips of Love ! ah me, the blessing !
What, but for their sweet caressing
Were this tear-stained world of ours ?
Lips of Love have soothed the weary—
Lips of Love have blessed the dreary—
Making life's wild pathway cheery
With sweet smiles and sunny hours.

Gentle reader, boy or maiden,
If your heart with love is laden,
 Kiss beside Life's wayside well !
Keep your young heart pure and stainless,—
So shall Love's sweet life prove painless,—
And life's dream be not the gainless,
 Joyless thing that poets tell.



IN MEMORY.



ON the night of March 6th, 1876, the Narrow Passage Bridge on the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., (Valley Branch,) gave way, precipitating a train of coaches down a sheer abyss of 114 feet, instantly killing or wounding every soul on the train. Among the killed were two of the author's most intimate friends, CHARLES L. NOEL and R. E. HAMMON, to whom this little tribute is paid by one who loved them, and the noble traits of character which adorned their lives.

A TENDER thought, a prayer, a tear,
A simple verse, and memories dear,
Are all I have to give to thee
My perished friends—so dear to me.

A tender thought for friendships true—
And tears for kindness, all thy due—
A simple verse, that I may tell
How much I loved thee, and how well.

* * * * *

Clear, gentle Mill Creek, murmurs on
By busy mill and meadow lawn ;

But from each scene some joy is flown—
As standing here I weep alone.

The cedar bluff on Clifton Hill
Is gleaming fresh and fragrant still ;
But lost to me its beauty fair
Since ye no longer wander there.

I tread the old familiar ways
That once we trod in happy days,—
A listless mourner in the crowd,
With mind, and heart, and spirit bowed.

A joy has fled from every spot,—
From hillside, lawn, and shady grot,—
And here I humbly bend the knee
At memory's shrine and pray for thee.

Or, rather, pray that we may meet
In yon fair clime where life is sweet,
A re-united, happy band,
Beyond the reach of Death's rude hand.

With links of love our hearts were bound
While earthly seasons run their round ;
I trust on heaven's celestial plain,
We'll bind these links in love again.

LINES TO AN OLD OAK TREE.

WITHIN thy sheltering shade, to-day
I stand once more, old forest tree!
And scenes forever passed away
Come back in all their grace to me ;
As, musing here, I list and hear
Thy mystic voice, forever dear.

Beneath thy giant arms I played
When but a boy—long years agone ;—
A century's storms thy head had swayed
When life to me was in its dawn,—
And yet some sympathy divine
Bound my young heart in love to thine.

From all the trees of all the wood
I sought thee out from first to last,
For there was that in thy sad mood
And mournful voice, that round me cast
A garment of strange hopes and fears
That fade not with the fading years.

How often, here, at twilight hour
I laid me down and dreamed wild dreams
Of fame and wealth bedecked with power
And bathed in Love's and glory's beams ;—

But, ah! the years have passed away
And I'm a child once more, to-day.

How often, when my life went wrong
And all the world seemed out of place
Have I come here to list thy song
And look on Mother Nature's face—
And always o'er my spirit fell
A holy peace no words can tell.

But most of all I loved to lie
Beneath thy crown on Autumn days
And watch the calm unclouded sky
Stream down its light thro' woodland ways,
While God hung out his banners bright
By river marge and mountain height.

'Twas then thy spirit seemed to steal
With mystic influence on my soul,
And I could almost hear and feel
Theplash of waves that break and roll
Along the far-off yet to be
That bounds eternity's calm sea.

Here stands the altar of rude stone
I built one lonely Autumn day,
The moss and lichens have overgrown
The unhewn rocks of limestone gray;—

But on that altar that I built
 Tears, tears, not blood, have oft been spilt.

Sing on, O tree, through Summer hours!
 Sing on through Autumn's mellow light!
 Make bare thine arm when Winter lowers
 And shout defiance to his might!
 Sing on! my heart allied to thine
 Will thrill beneath thy voice divine.

I sing my songs, I go my way,
 Perhaps to greet thy shade no more;
 But wheresoe'er my feet may stray
 Around earth's weary, time-worn shore,
 My heart of hearts shall turn to thee
 My life-long friend--old forest tree.



UNBURIED.



THERE are days in the lives of us all
 That cannot die,
 Though the years go by
 Leaving their dust in the heart's wide hall.
 Days of supreme delight,—
 And days of supremer pain,
 Whose shadow and cloud, or whose golden light
 On the soul and heart remain.

Hours when the passionate kiss was laid
 On finger tips
 And on ruby lips
Beneath the stars in the twilight shade.

Hours when the wild farewell was said,—
 That rang like the knell
 Of a passing bell,
Tolling for all of the millions dead.

Days that are dead though they cannot be hid
 By the dust of years,
 Or the flood of tears,
Or the marble vault and the coffin-lid.

And these,—in the world's great weary wastes
 Of desert and bloom,
 Of palace and tomb,
Are the founts at which Memory tastes ;
Where she folds her wings in her weary flight
 And pauses to brood and weep
Through the stilly hours of the lonely night,
 With the dead that can never sleep.

But the silvery brooklet still bubbles on—
 And the south winds sing
 Of returning Spring,
And the robin is greeting the dawn.

HADES.



I AND Death had a talk, last night,
A long and a lonely walk, last night,
Through a dim and shadowy vale ;
And he showed me a realm so still and calm
Where darkness was light, and night was balm ;
Where wild winds might never wail.

No summer bloomed and no Autumn died,
On meadow land, or on mountain side,
In this quiet, shadowy land ;
For Summer and Winter, and night and day,
Silence and darkness alone held sway :
A place of rest for the heart and hand.

No wail of sorrow nor moan of grief—
No sigh of the heart that pleads relief,
Not a whisper, a smile, or song ;
No carol of birds in woodland bower,
No winter winds, and no summer shower :
Only silence and rest profound and long.

To this quiet vale from every clime,
Women and men came to rest for a time,

From the heat of Life's fierce day ;—
The princess and prince from the courtly hall,—
And the beggar that slept in the ox's stall,—
The strong oppressor, the weak betrayed,—
The homeless orphan, the love-lorn maid,—
The aged sire, and the little child—
The man of God, and the man defiled—
Fled here from the heat of Life's red day.

I turned to Death, and I plead for rest
In this shadowy land, so still and blest,
 Where slumber was deep and sweet ;
But he kindly whispered, “Not yet ! not yet !
Back to the land of Life and Regret,
 Thou pilgrim with weary feet.”

It was only a dream, and yet, I know,
The dream was real, and I shall go
 Some day to that quiet land,
And find a rest from the ills of life,
From the lying lip—and the hell of strife,—
From the envious mind and malicious heart,
From the mean little souls, that can only start
 Mischievous lies to blacken the fame
Of some innocent pilgrim's honest name,
For peaceful and sweet in that stilly land
 There's silence and rest for the heart and hand.

DREAMS.



HIDEOUS dreams! terrible dreams!
Visit my nights of despair;—
Wearisome birds are they,
Clad in their sable and gray,
Driven by storms on the spray
O'er the shoreless Ocean of Time,
Perching themselves on my bed,
Pecking their bills in my heart;
Flapping their wings on my head—
Lifting themselves with a start,
Only to light again,
To feast themselves on my brain;
O horrible birds! terrible birds!
Devilish dream-birds of prey!



NOT ALL A DREAM.



LAST night a small, white hand
Was gently laid in mine,
A soft farewell, sealed on my ears,
With tones that were divine.

This morn the lightning hurled
A message to my door,

Which only said that Ellen was
At rest forevermore.

Now who will dare to say
That I did not shake hands
With her, whose soul went forth in search
Of undiscovered lands.

How strangely sweet, yet sad,
To know that there may be
A dead one's kiss laid on our lips
From out eternity.



OUR FIRESIDE.



THE labor of the day is done,—
Wife lays her knitting by ;
And shutting up my books, I turn
To meet her gentle eye ;
And then, we look on our two boys
That sweetly lie asleep—
Two here on earth—and one in heaven
The white-robed angels keep.

The youngest—SHELLY, six months old,
So like the one that's dead—

And WILLIE, three years old in March,
Lies in his little bed ;
And CAMMIE he has gone to rest
Where there is no more night,
His Guardian Angel took him home
Four years ago—not quite.

Wife leans her head upon my arm,
She thinks of him, I know ;
Her thoughts are busy with that land
Where we, some day, may go.
I think of those who lie asleep,—
Whose hearts are sinless yet—
Oh Christ ! I tremble when I think
How hearts are oft beset !

I wonder where their little feet
May have to walk some day ?
If rough with stones, beset with thorns,
Or smooth and sweet the way ?
I wonder what their little hands
May find life's toil to be ;
If doing good, or working ill ?
Oh God ! I trust to thee.

I wonder what their little lips
May speak in years to come,
If comely speech, with wisdom spiced,
Or stammering, crazed with rum ?

I know that one has gone to rest—
Safe, happy, free from sin ;
Thy garden walks are sweet, O Lord,
Lead thou these others in !

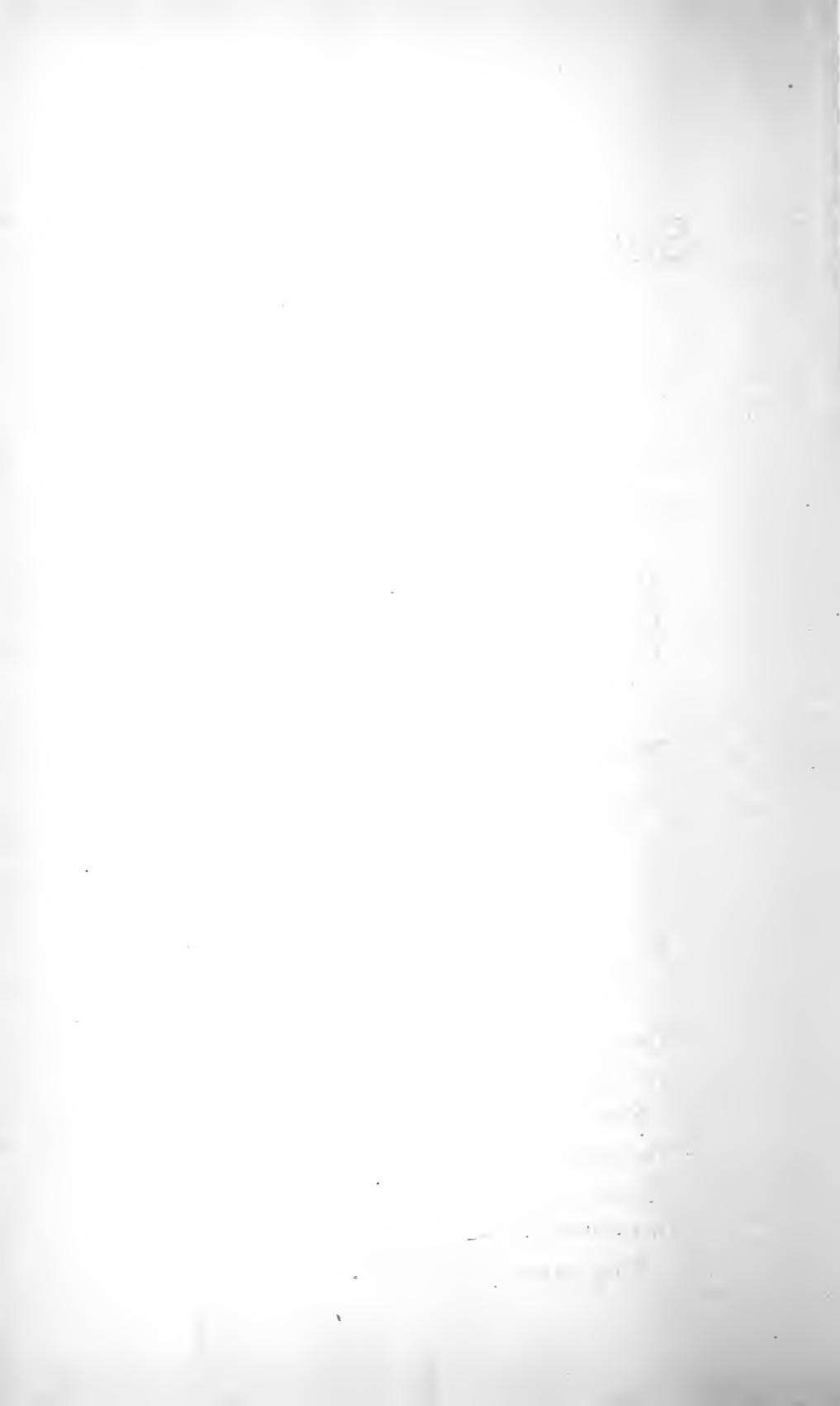
Wife, from her reverie awakes—
And looking up, I say,
Your knitting, love,—the books I prize,
Will soon be laid away.
Has Christ wrought out for us a robe,
From spot and blemish free,
That we, and ours, may wear at last ?
Oh God ! we trust in thee.



*

SONGS AND IDYLS.





SONGS AND IDYLS.

THE YEARS GO BY.

THE years come on, the years go by ;
And bright above us burns the sky
As in the days of old ;—
The same sweet sky—forever young—
The same bright lamps above us hung—
The same sweet song by Nature sung,
In glen, and dell, and wold.

The years come on, the years go by ;
But still the earth smiles to the sky
As in the days that were ;
The peach-tree blows its pretty bloom ;
The apple blossoms yield perfume ;
The willows sprout their verdurous gloom
Around us everywhere.

The years come on, the years go by ;
The mountains lift their heads on high,
Forever changeless they ;
The earth, the wave, the azure sky,
The myriad worlds that burn on high,
In fadeless youth still charm the eye,
They cannot know decay.

The years come on, the years go by ;
We look behind us with a sigh
 Upon the days of old ;
Unsung the song we hoped to sing,
Unlived the love we thought should bring
Peace, joy, and every quiet thing,
 To nestle in our fold.

The years go by, the years go by ;
They roll their solemn psalms on high
 In fanes of blue and gold ;
But unto us no hymns they sing ;
No touch of angel wings they bring ;
But round our hearts their shadows cling—
 And we are growing old.



IN THE GLOAMING.



WALKING down the lonely pathway leading through
 the open wold,
Came I to the spot last evening—where we held our
 tryst of old,
When the sun from love's horizon flecked the sands
 of life with gold :—

In the gloaming :—but no human form stood there
 beside my own,

While the splendors of the moonlight glinted down
on me alone,

And the winds harped minor music in a wild fune-
real tone.

How the years rose up around me like a resurrection
day,

Bringing back the happy faces that have long since
passed away;

Hopes and pleasures—passion garlands—in their
golden bright array.

In the distance lay the school-house where in child-
hood days we played

In the glorious summer noon-tide, in the oak-tree's
quiet shade,

Ere we knew the hopeless meaning couched in that
one word—*betrayed*.

There the meadow—happy meadow—smiled toward
the moonlit skies,

With the brooklet flowing through it that the hand
of Time defies,

And I blessed the tranquil landscape that thus blessed
my weary eyes.

Long I stood there linking beauty unto beauty in one
chain,

Till the Past became the Present and my soul forgot
the pain,

That had rankled like a canker in my heart and in
my brain.

Suddenly I felt the nearness of another soul than
mine,

And a dulcet whisper thrilled me as it fell from lips
divine,

While I saw a glint of glory gleaming through the
dusky pine.

“Once again we meet,” she whispered, “Once again
in all these years !

I have watched thy heart’s slow bleeding, I have
counted all thy tears,

And I come to tell thee, darling, where the Morning
Light appears ! ”

But the rest she said I never will reveal to mortal
soul

Till the present round of ages over earth shall cease
to roll--

Till earth’s scarred and bleeding bosom shall be
healed and be made whole !

For the world shall yet be happy, yet again shall
earth be young !

And by bramble and by thistle man shall nevermore
be stung !

And beneath the vine and fig-tree a new song shall
yet be sung.

Solve the riddle, O ye dreamers, where the hills of
science rise !
Carp and cavil, O ye sceptics, with your guesswork
net of lies !
While the earth wheels ever onward to a perfect
Paradise.

I WALKED THRO' MYSTIC HALLS.

I WALKED thro' mystic halls, last night,
In the fair castle Love had built
In those bright years when souls were light
With innocence, and free from guilt !
Ah, happy halls, and happy time !
When hearts beat quick to Love's soft rhyme.

Fond Memory met me at the door
And took me gently by the hand,
And conned sweet stories o'er and o'er
Of many a joyous, vanished band :
And pointed to the walls, now bare,
Once hung with pictures passing fair.

She led me forth thro' gardens fair,
Down charming walks I knew of old,
But graves and tombstones here and there,
Their mournful, doleful story told ;

And night-winds sang thro' yew and pine
Their minor melodies divine.

Then Memory left me there, alone,
 Amid the graves of other years,
To breathe my prayers in sorrow's tone,
 And seek relief in silent tears !
Ah, blessed tears that ease the brain
 And yield the heart surcease of pain !

SWEET VERNON WOOD.

THRICE happy day ! when last we stood
Within the shade of Vernon Wood,
 And sang the hours away ;
And Fancy built for coming years
A cot within this Vale of Tears,
Where ghastly forms and ghostly fears
 Should never more dismay.

How sweet the guiltless song-birds sang !
How clear the merry laughter rang
 From lip and heart that day !
When love was written on the sky,
And whispered in the zephyr's sigh :--
O God ! that such bright days should die,
 Or pass from earth away !

The freshness of that blissful day
Will cling around these pines alway,
While Memory lives to bless ;
And, standing here, strange fancies steal
Across my soul :—I once more feel
The warm, sweet lips that then did seal
Our vows with fond caress.

I linger yet ; the daylight goes,
And vesper shadows round me close,
As once they did of yore ;
And through the pines strange voices plain
A tender symphony of pain ;
The echo of whose sad refrain
Is Never—nevermore !

I turn away ; the stars above,
In constant ministry of love,
Will bless sweet Vernon Wood ;
And glinting through the dusky gloom
Of cypress spray and cedar bloom,
The Evening Star will still illume
The spot where once *we* stood.

Fair day, sweet wood, and happy dream !
From thee will Memory pluck a beam
Of light to gild Life's lot ;—
And, by the bliss of that dead day,
May we be led to watch and pray
For that sweet home not far away,
Whose day shall perish not.

SWEET LINVILLE'S VALE.

ADOWN sweet Linville's* vale, to-day,
Careless I wandered on my way,
 Forgetful of the past ;
Until my steps by chance led by
The little nook where you and I
First felt the beams of Love's warm sky,
 That shone too bright to last.

I turned and sought the moss-grown stone
That seemed a friend—tho' still a stone—
 Whereon we sat that day ;
I sat and watched the shadows pass
That fleecy clouds threw on the grass,
And thought of that sweet day, alas !—
 In all its bright array.

'Twas long, long years ago—but still
My heart leapt with a ready will
 Across the gulf of years ;
And somehow as I looked around
And heard the brooklet's liquid sound,
And saw that you were nowhere found—
 My eyes grew full of tears.

I fancied once I held your hand,
And that the little silken band
 That bound your golden hair

Fell near my heart :—but fancy wild
Will work strange things in man or child :—
I looked around and sadly smiled
To find my vision—air.

O happy day, so long gone by !
O downy cheek and laughing eye !
 O rare and radiant face !
Ye all have fled to that sweet clime,
Beyond the surf-beat shores of Time,
And I am left to sing in rhyme,
 That earth's no resting place.

Gray, moss-grown stone and cedar tree !
Companions still ye be to me
 In this sad world of sin ;
And ye will live when I am gone
To seek the golden gates of dawn
That flood the light on Aiden's Lawn—
 Where she hath entered in.

* Perhaps there is no more pleasant spot to be found in the Old Dominion than that little district of country known as Linville's Creek, in the Valley of Virginia. Linville is itself a most beautiful stream, and the charming valley through which it winds on its way to mingle its waters with the Shenandoah River is of surpassing loveliness and fertility. The long lines of willows that fringe its banks, its pure water, and the verdant meadows stretching out on either side, make it a charming place for a day's ramble. Here the cedar and willow grow in close proximity—and the sweet wild flowers catch the azure of the heavens. It abounds in charming nooks where the poet may con over his lines, and where the lover may whisper his vows. Many are the fond recollections of hours that I have spent on its banks in childhood's careless, happy day—and even now that the years go by more rapidly—the charming April and May weather tempt me to loiter by its side, when the hurry of life ought to call me elsewhere. But I am glad that romance has charms for me still, and trust that she and I may go together through all the days of my pilgrimage, hand in hand.

INDIAN SUMMER.

O SOUTH-WEST wind ! wind of the far south-west,
From Cautantowwit's† gardens freshly blown,
Thy mystic music lulls the sea to rest
 And gives to earth a glory all thine own ;
Blow on, O wind ! the happy vine-clad hills
 Look up, with smiles, to catch thine amorous breath ;
And to thy kiss, with joy, each leaflet thrills,
 Unconscious that it is the kiss of death,
 The parting year's embrace that ends in death.

Blow on, O wind, and bring the halcyon days
 Of Indian Summer, with their quiet joy,
To fringe with gold the olden woodland ways
 Where once I trod a careless, happy boy ;--
To gild the streamlet with a purer light ;
 To tinge with softer hues the gladsome sky ;--
To hang red banners on the mountain's height
 Where ancient pines lift up their arms on high
 And sob their music as the hours go by.

Blow on, O wind, the homeward cow-boy hears
 Thy mournful whisper in the wooded hill ;
The round moon, rising, calms his silly fears,--
 He dreams of happy years life's span to fill ;--
But he will find them as his father's found
 Full-freighted with their share of care and grief

Whose weight increases as they roll their round ;
Till Indian Summer whispers of relief
And brushes down the sere and yellow leaf.

O south-west wind, wind of the far south-west,
You wake a sadsome echo in my soul
Of by-gone songs—whose singers are at rest,—
While Time's wild chariot-wheels forever roll ;
The fond, fair faces faded long ago,
Say, can you tell me whither they have gone?
Do they in newer life and fresher beauty glow
Beyond the gates that guard the golden dawn?
Say, can you tell me whither they have gone?

Blow on, O wind, I catch your doleful strain
That breathes of darkness, dust, decay and death ;
And my mute soul shrinks at the sad refrain
Of rustling leaves that fly before thy breath ;—
But Hope and Faith, the Twin Immortals, come
And point with shining fingers far away—
Beyond the glowing stars—to that glad home,
Where fears of death and darkness and decay,
Affright no more the golden summer day.

† The south-west is the pleasantest wind which blows in New England. In the month of October, in particular, after the frosts which commonly take place at the end of September, it frequently produces two or three weeks of fair weather, in which the air is perfectly transparent, and the clouds which float in the sky, of the purest azure, are adorned with brilliant colors. This charming season is called *Indian Summer*, a name which is derived from the natives, who believe that it is caused by a wind which comes immediately from the court of their great and benevolent God, Cautantowwit, or the south-western god.

A WASTED LIFE.

THE reapers are out in the fields to-day,
 Binding their sheaves of bright golden grain ;
The meadows are sweet with the new-mown hay
 Rolling along on the homeward wain ;
But where is the tribute my hand should bring
 To the treasure-house of my Lord, the King ?

My field hath been swept by the tempest's blast,
 And the mildew and blight lie thereon ;
And the glorious summer-tide is past,
 And my hope of the harvest is gone ;
While not a sheaf in my hands I bring
 To the treasure-house of my Lord, the King.

The zephyrs are filled with the voice of praise
 As the anthem of harvest is sung
In the orchard lawns and the woodland ways
 And the green, happy hills among ;
But where is the song that my lips should bring
 To the harvest-feast of my Lord, the King ?

My paeon was stilled in my youthful morn,
 In the fateful struggle with wild Despair ;
And my lute was left, like my heart, forlorn,
 A prey to corroding grief and care ;

No Summer-song can my poor heart bring
To the harvest-feast of my Lord, the King.

Have mercy, I pray thee, O Lord, my King,
On a weary soul and a ruined life :
A wounded, wretched and helpless thing,
Blown o'er the earth on the wings of strife !
Nothing have I to thy feast to bring
Save ashes and tears, O Christ, my King.

Thou knowest the pangs of that lonely strife
With the tempter's wiles in the desert drear ;
And the darkling close of thine own pure life,
When Friendship fled at the sight of Fear ;
Remember all these, O Jesus, my King,
And pity the desolate heart I bring.



FOREVERMORE.



FOREVERMORE the stars
Will kiss the vale's green sod,
But nevermore our feet shall tread
That vale which once they trod.

Forevermore the brook,
Will be a reflex fair ;
But nevermore shall mirrored be
Our forms and faces there.

Forevermore the birds
Shall fill that vale with song,
But nevermore our passioned words
Shall flood their tide along.

Forevermore the hills
Will wear their crowns of stone ;
But nevermore round us at eve
Their shadows shall be thrown.

Forevermore the rose,
The red one and the pale,
The hare-bell sweet—each flow'r that blows
Shall there their sweets exhale.

But nevermore by these
Our hearts shall gladdened be,
As in the days that now have fled
Alike for you and me.

Forevermore the pine
Will whisper to the brook,
And voices sweet mysteriously
Will echo from each nook :

The sky will beam as pure,
The stars as true will burn ;—
Forever, ah, forevermore
Our hearts will thither turn !

TO SOMEBODY.

THERE is a pale, sweet face
Comes to me in my dreams,
And tenderly and winningly
Its gentle radiance streams
Platonic fire upon my heart:—
A sweet desire no more to part
Her soul and mine while power divine
Shall measure years eterne.

And yet no mortal form
Like hers has blessed my sight;
From whence then comes this vision sweet
Upon the wings of night?
'Tis not from Heaven above, I know,
Nor Hades' shadowy vale below,
But sweet and warm, with gentle form
She waits some mortal love.

I know her eyes divine,
I know her golden hair:
I know the two sweet, luscious lips
 Beyond the mind's compare;
And somewhere in this world of ours,
In paths bestrewn with sweetest flowers,
We two shall meet, our souls shall greet,—
 Souls, minds and hearts be one.

Whose mind can reach thro' space
And tell where brain waves end?
Or, tell why sympathetic souls
May not unite and blend,
Long ere the clasp of kindly hand,—
And touch of tone, and manners bland,
Have firmly wound two hearts around
With gentle wreath forever?



AN AUTUMN IDYL.



THE weary moan of the restless winds :
The sombre tone of the waterfall :
The sadsome pictures that deck the scene
By river marge and on mountain wall :
All these have wrought on my soul to-day
With a subtler power than tongue can say.

I may not tell what the wild winds breathe
To dreaming maple and poplar tree :
As the giant pine throbs through and through
Beneath the touch of their minstrelsy :—
O solemn voice of the Great Unknown,
My soul re-echoes your sadsome tone !

My heart grows still while the waterfall
Pours forth its plain ton the wild wind's ear ;—

I hear the Spirit of Waters call
From out the depths of the distant mere ;—
Leap down to me, O sweet waterfall,
In my great heart there is room for all.

The pictures bright are so many flags
That float on the mountain tops unfurl'd,
That Old Time flaunts in the Autumn's face
In his wild march round the restless world :
The crimson flags of a wild campaign,
Made red with the blood of Summer slain.

I hide my face in my hands, and turn
Away from the scenes of the dying day,
Nor watch the hills as the twilight paints
The sombre tints of an ashen grey ;
But my poor soul can no language find
To clothe the prayer of my throbbing mind.

O Spirit fair, of the Universe !
That dwellest in all the forms I see—
Wilt thou not teach me to read aright
Thy mystic lore and thy minstrelsy ?
O boundless soul of the Great Unknown,
Wilt thou not list to the minstrel's moan ?

I look once more, and the Evening Star
Shines sweetly down from her home on high ;
I hear the rustling of spirit wings,
And spirit forms as they pass me by ;

Ah, would to God I could read aright
The voiceful winds of this Autumn night !

For then I might, thro' the long night-tide,
Hold converse sweet with a spirit fair,
Whose bark went out on the ebbing tide,
And drifted away I know not where ;
E'en now I hear, as the winds sweep by,
A whisper soft as a lover's sigh.

Long years ago, in this mountain wild,
Two forms once stood where the one now stands ;
The twilight breeze of the Autumn sang
Above our heads as we clasped our hands
And watched the moon as it poured adown
Its flood of light on the mountain's crown.

We heard strange tokens that Autumn night,
And read them, too, in the changeful skies ;
They smote our hearts with a wild affright,
And sealed our lips with a mute surprise :—
In shooting star and the owlet's cry,
And spirit wings as they swept us by.

We met no more ! and yet we shall meet
Somewhere, some day. In the far-off clime
Our hands shall clasp and our souls shall greet
The mystic measure of Love's sweet rhyme,
Where no sad sound of an Autumn night
Shall smite the hills of endless delight.

I turn my steps and I drink once more,
But now, alone, at the mountain spring ;
It sparkles yet on its homeward way,
But a sadsome song it seems to sing,
Whilst falling leaves and the owlet's cry
Blend their sad voice with the wind's low sigh.

ALFALFA.



FAIR Alfalfa, sweet Alfalfa
Said to me one April day,
As we walked thro' pleasant meadows,
Plucking hare-bells by the way : •
“ What if death should call for me
Ere the morning-glories bloom,
Would you woo another's love
When the grass should green my tomb ? ”

Many an April day since then
Have the willows donned their green ;
Many a summer moon since then
Have the morning-glories seen—
And Alfalfa,—fair Alfalfa,
I could answer thee, to-night,
As I answered thee that morning
Under skies so balmy bright.

Standing here beneath this cypress
On the mountain's rugged brow,
As the deep'ning twilight, stealing,
Purples every whispering bough,
Do I fancy that thy spirit
Comes to share this hour with me,
From the happy meadows lying
Far beyond the Summer Sea ?

Is it fancy, fair Alfalfa,
That I hear thy voice once more,
Sweeter than Eolian whispers
As in halcyon days of yore ;
Telling of the glorious Future—
That fair land of Love and Rest,—
Where our earthly dream of pleasure
With fruition shall be blest ?

No ! 'tis not an idle fancy,—
For I feel that thou art near ;
Thin the veil that separates me
From thy spirit home, so dear ;—
Soon the passing years that glimmer
Through Time's faint unsteady light,
All will end and I shall join thee
In thy paradise so bright.

Green the grass grows in the meadow,
Still the winds the willows wave,

Morning-glories twine their beauty
Round about thy silent grave ;—
But Alfalfa, dear Alfalfa,
I have sought no other love ;
I shall meet thee one glad morning
In the Temple Courts above.

*FAITH'S LOGIC.*

WHEELS the world forever onward,
True, unwavering, night and day ;
And the restless, ringing ages,
Greet her on her changeless way.
Chafes the sea beneath the tempest,
But the tide comes up alway ;
Some eternal purpose reigneth
Which the seas themselves obey.

Wintry winds may blast the landscape,
Garden, field, and forest fair ;
But no hand may stay the spring-tide
From replacing beauty there.
And shall He who watches matter
Void of soul, and heart, and mind,
Fail through endless ages keeping
Loving watch o'er humankind ?

Thus I argue as I ponder
Through the night-tide, all alone,
While my spirit wanders backward
Through the years forever flown---
Counting all the broken treasures
Strewn along life's thorny way ;
Empty shrines and ruined temples,
Golden idols turned to clay.

But my heart grows calm and tranquil
When I think of Him who reigns,--
All life's deep and fearful meaning
Gentle, trusting Faith explains.
He who marks the falling sparrow
Safe will keep me, well I know ;
For beyond His sentry outposts
No poor wanderer may go.

Out of darkness comes the morning,--
Out of winter comes the spring,--
And the broken fibre, woven,
On the lute some day will sing ;
All are parts of one great purpose,
And the end will prove it right ;
Spite of sorrow, death and darkness,
Eventide shall bring the light.

MARCH MUSINGS.

FROM books and men I turned away
And sought in Nature's charms, to-day,
 For quiet, peace and joy ;
At every turn for many a mile
She blessed me with a cheerful smile—
A smile in which there was no guile—
 And free from all alloy.

A charm seemed resting on each spot,
The rock-ribbed hill, the meadow plot,
 The quiet orchard lawn ;
But I, poor child of doubt and clay,
A passing pilgrim on life's way,
Could only bow my head and pray,
 And silently pass on.

The meadows don their robes of green,
The oak renews his emerald screen,
 With each returning year ;
But coming years can never bring
To our poor hearts a second spring ;
No withered hope, no perished thing
 May ever reappear.

The heart becomes a living tomb—
But no wild flowers above it bloom

To scatter fragrance there ;
The foot grows faint, the head turns gray ;
The whole life wastes by slow decay ;
The burnished gold turns into clay,
And fade all visions fair.

And yet, O Mother Nature ! yet,
I feel the seal thy hand hath set
About my heart's strange door ;
And though I dimly see thy plan,
Too great thy scope for me to scan ;—
Thou wast ere ever I began,—
I'll trust thee evermore :

For in the ages yet to be
When peak and plain, and cloud and sea
Have each subserved their day,
Thou wilt revive this mortal form
With breathings soft, and kisses warm,—
And place beyond the reach of storm,
Or doubt, or dull dismay ;

And there, in meadows cool and green,
Where crystal waters flash their sheen
To holier, happier skies,
I'll find the friends who trod with me
The mountain path, the meadow lea,
And know—whatever else may be,
A love that never dies.

THE HILLS OF LONG AGO.

'Tis midnight's high and holy hour :
The fire upon my hearth burns low,
And chilling winds with subtle power
Are whispering to the falling snow ;
Dim phantoms glide across my room,
On noiseless step they come and go :—
Pale spirits wafted through the gloom,
Blown from the Hills of Long Ago.

Hills of the Long Ago, how bright
Your fields and sunny slopes appear
As memory floods with golden light
The scenes of many a vanished year !
No more, no more my feet shall press
Your sacred heights now clad in snow,
And summer joys my heart shall bless
No more, sweet Hills of Long Ago.

The frozen rime hangs thick and white
On cedar bough and marble tomb,
And many a lovely form, to-night,
Sleeps heedless of the chilling gloom :—
But their pure spirits, light and free,
Heed not the winter's frost and snow,
Thro' midnight hours they come to me
Back from the Hills of Long Ago.

Ah! blessed thought, tho' Time's rude hand
May mar this earthly home of ours,
The soul's immortal powers expand,
Nor dread life's brief remaining hours.
Immortal friends, who throng my room,
I heed your whispers soft and low !
And Memory points me through the gloom
Back to the Hills of Long Ago.

DIANTHA.

THE winds came down from the mountain
Blowing, blowing, blowing ;
And the clouds came down from the mountain
Snowing, snowing, snowing ;
All day long the snow kept flying,
All day long the winds kept sighing,
And their echoes wailing, dying
On the forest-crested hill,
Found a wilder echo still
In Diantha's aching heart,
Stricken, aching, bleeding heart.

For Diantha loved a lover,
Madly, madly, madly ;

And Diantha wept this lover,
 Sadly, sadly, sadly ;
For the battle-storm had torn him,
And the battle-tide had borne him
Captive—leaving her to mourn him,
 Captive in a tyrant's hand,
Pining in a stranger land,
Pining, wounded, bleeding, dying,
In a tyrant's dungeon dying.

The winds came down from the mountain
 Blowing, blowing, blowing,
And the clouds came down from the mountain
 Snowing, snowing, snowing ;
But the lover came not gladly,
Cheering her who wept so sadly,
She who loved him blindly, madly,
 But dame rumor came and said,
“ Diantha's warrior-love is dead ;
Yester morn they wrapped around him
His gray cloak when death had bound him.”

All night long the winds kept singing
 Sadness, sadness, sadness ;
All night long the sleigh-bells ringing
 Gladness, gladness, gladness ;
All night long the clouds kept flying,
All night long the winds kept sighing,
All night long the maid kept dying,

And the morning saw no cloud,
But the morning saw a shroud
Wrapped around the broken-hearted,
Fair Diantha—broken-hearted !

PRIMROSES.

UNDER the sod, under the snow
The meadow primrose slumbers low ;
And out upon the barren wold
The withered grass sleeps still and cold.

The sweet primrose will wake again
When south-winds kiss the peak and plain ;
The young green grass upon the wold
Will grow as sweetly as of old.

But in each heart some joys lie dead,
For whom no burial rites were read ;
No resurrection morning brings
From out their graves those perished things.

Such be the joys we knew in youth
When wand'ring by the stream of Truth ;
When Purity's sweet vale we trod
And plucked the primrose flowers of God.

Thrice dead are they—those primrose flowers,
Whose perfume filled the sunny hours ;
In Memory's Vale they slumber low,
Bedewed with idle tears that flow.

The song that cheered—the song that blessed—
Is hushed in an eternal rest ;
And though the summer sunlight falls,
Yet shadows fill the heart's wide halls.

So sigh we now, but is there not
Beyond the sea some lovelier spot,
Where yet these perished things may be
Clothed on with immortality ?

THE MOUNTAIN PINE.

THE old oak tree in the forest stands,
Bereft of his summer leaves,
And moans as the winter blast creeps past,
And dolefully sighs and grieves ;
The willow trembles, adown the lawn,
When the meadow-land grows bare,
And the hickory sighs when the summer dies,
And sways to the wintry air.

But a brave old tree is the mountain pine,
Who weareth his robe of green

Whilst others repine, and moan, and whine,
When the blasts of winter blow keen ;
Though chill and cold on the frozen wold
The storm king's tramp is heard,
He singeth an anthem free and bold
Till the mountain's heart is stirred.

These trees are types of the men we see
On the plains of mortal life :
Some lose their leaves, like the hickory tree,
In the wintry wind's wild strife ;
Some moan their woes to the passer-by
And scatter their griefs around ;
Dead leaves adrift 'neath a cheerless sky,
To whirl on the frozen ground.

God, give us men ! like the noble pine,
Who will wear their robes of green—
Though others whine and sadly repine
When adversity's blasts blow keen :—
Brave men who carry their youth along
Far into the winter of age,
And blend their voices in cheerful song
Though fierce the tempest may rage.

Such men there be, and such women, too,
On the cloud-capped mountains of Time !
Such lives they live ! under heaven's pure blue
No sight is so grandly sublime !

They sing when others can dare but weep ;
They praise when others but pray ;
They keep their green tho' the winds blow keen,
And 'tis summer with them alway.

NAMELESS SORROWS.

EVERY heart hath its own sorrow
Which the world shall never know ;
And with each succeeding morrow
Deeper grow the depths of woe,—
Depths no plummet e'er may sound,
Lonely, silent and profound.

Griefs we dare not tell to others,
Awful, holy and sublime ;—
Griefs we keep from our own mothers,
Hidden like some fearful crime—
Woes that pierce, and griefs that kill—
Out of reach of human skill.

There are graves that lie deep hidden
In each lonely heart's domain !
Memory sheds her tears unbidden,
And the soul throbs thro' with pain ;
But no angel rolls the stone
From these graves ;—we weep alone.

Round these graves our sad souls linger,
Wailing, weeping bitter tears ;
But no seraph's radiant finger
Points beyond the gloom of years ;
And we can but wait and sigh,
For the hour that bids us die.

Death, oh God ! that strange transition,
From this sphere of care and grief :
Shall it yield us an admission
To a life of sweet relief ?
Where the woe-worn heart and mind
Endless joy and peace may find ?



NAME ON THE TREE.

ALONG an olden mountain path,
Worn rugged by the torrent's wrath,
I strolled this afternoon ;
Past many a well remembered spot,
The hemlock grove, the limestone grot
Where ferns in many a graceful knot
Hung like a rich festoon.

I paused, and thought of that sweet day
In Life's warm June, long passed away,

When we held pic-nic here ;
Of all the glad, gay forms, and fair,
Whose hearts were warm as summer air ;
But most of one, with sunny hair,
Whose words were once so dear.

I sought the beech tree by the spring
Whereon was fixed the pic-nic swing :—

A fragment hangs there yet ;
And looking up I saw your name
That I had carved ; the smothered flame
Broke out at sight of that dear name ;
Mine eyes with tears grew wet.

The sweet old story ever new,
Of youthful love, the false, the true,
The changeful, changeless world ;
But not an unkind thought had I
For memories of the days gone by,
Tho' you were changeful, changeless I,
While spheres the wild years whirled.

How many hearts have fed such flames ?
How many hands have carved such names ?
Dead millions gone before !
The dust of centuries lies thick
On ashen hearts, that once, love-sick,
Made pulses tingle wild and quick,
That now shall throb no more.

And mine shall rest in quiet, too,
As peaceful as the things I view
 In this calm, holy spot ;
Your name may spread upon the tree
When you and I have ceased to be :—
My song may live for thee and me,
 An echo in this grot.

A LAMENT.

THERE are no days like the dear old days
 That have perished, like ships at sea ;
There are no ways like the sweet old ways
 That once bloomed so brightly for me ;—
A halo hath fled from the face of the moon,
 A glory from off the hills,
And I hear no more the soft love tune
 In the meadow, beside the rills.

There are no songs like the sweet old songs
 That the singers once loved to sing ;
Mute are their tongues :—to the Past belongs
 The chant of our life's sweet spring.
But a tenderer gloom on the churchyard sleeps,
 And a glory is gathering round
Each marble slab, where the Death-angel keeps
 His vigils, on holy ground.

There is no rest like the deep, sweet rest
That is found in the quiet grave,—
And there is no heart that so fully is blest .
But that death it will some day crave.
While the years go on with their endless round,
Day unto day and night to night,
Not a joy that will live hath ever been found,
And Hope is a meteor-light.

And though I can read in the glad new spring
The lines of a prophecy grand :
How the Master-hand from the grave will bring
The links of a broken band ;—
Yet I see no days like the dear old days
That have perished on Time's wild sea,
And I walk no ways like the sweet old ways
That once bloomed so brightly for me.



A PRAYER.



O FATHER of Mercies ! my soul flies to thee
As I view the dark storm that my sins have aroused ;
Nor refuge nor rest from its fury I see,
Until safe in thy mansions my soul shall be housed.

O Father, behold me ! and pity, and claim,
A weak, wand'ring child that comes pleading thy love ;

I come pleading alone in a Savior's dear name,
For the grace that can lead me to mansions above.

O pity and shield me ! clouds, tempest and night
Have gathered around me, and loud thunders roll ;
O scatter them all, o'er my pathway shed light,
And safe in thy mansions give rest to my soul.



LONGINGS.



FOR each sweet joy that dies, a pain is born,
As surely as the evening follows morn.

And pain lives longest in this world of ours,
As thorns survive the death of all the flowers.

The earth wheels eastward with a wild unrest,
Half day, half night, unconscious which is best.

Dust, death and darkness, storm, and grief, and pain
Are the weird notes that fill out life's refrain.

But we, poor mortals, why should we complain ?
There were no pleasure, if there were no pain !

And yet, I pray thee, Mother Nature, dear,
Take back thy weary child of hope and fear :—

Fold back my dust within thy bosom wathm
And mold anew in some diviner form ;

And free my spirit that her wings may try
The azure depths of an unchanging sky :

For here it chafes beneath these changeful skies,
Where glory fades and even beauty dies.



A MAY IDYL.



ONCE more, and yet once more,
To old earth's time-worn shore
Comes merry May, like some sweet spirit fair,
With face serenely calm,
And lips and breath of balm,
And glorious garlands in her braided hair.

Beside the rippling rills—
Among the orchard hills—
And through the mountain wilds she wanders free ;
The hills and vales rejoice
To hear her gentle voice,
And my heart throbs beneath her melody.

O sweet, sweet happy May!
Tho' brief and bright thy stay
Thou comest once, with every changeful year,
To thrill the world with bliss
Beneath thine amorous kiss,
While doves and swallows pause thy songs to hear.

Thou dost remind me now
Of one fair face and brow
Whose beauty with thy glories might compare ;
Soft as the whisper'd love
Of angel-lips above
Was her sweet voice, and she like them was fair.

But oh ! no more, no more,
To my heart's dreary shore
Will that sweet May come back o'er Time's wild sea ;
Thro' weary, fateful years
Of wintry doubts and fears
I wait in vain ;—no more it comes to me.

Gone, gone is my heart's May,
Nor will Life's Summer stay
With her rich fields of Fame to bless my way ;
Life's woodlands all are sere—
And chill, and dull, and drear
The Autumn wails a doleful, weary lay.

UNDER THE ELM TREE.

By a sparkling crystal fountain,
Underneath an Elm tree's shade,
While the stars looked on the mountain,
And the wind sweet music made ;
While the twilight gathered round us,
Lingering gently on the hill,
Mystic wreaths of feeling bound us,
And we lingered talking still.

Then we felt our hearts grow nearer,
As our souls breathed forth our vows,
And our words found echoes clearer
In the clustered whispering boughs ;
Ah ! the furthest heaven heard us,
And the stars shed brighter gleam,
For a power Eternal touched us—
Life seemed but a beauteous dream.

Still we sat there, lingering, loving,
We were all—all else was naught—
And with each sweet moment proving
Bliss, which worlds could not have bought ;
Life, nor death, nor time can measure,
Nor eternity destroy,
Vows that angels penned with pleasure,
In that hour of purest joy.

Time may soon deface grand paintings,
Crumble pyramids to dust,
But 'twill add but brighter tintings
To that spot of sacred trust ;
Time may drift red sands around it,
Burning suns above may be,
Drifting deserts still may bound it,
But an oasis green 'twill be.

Why, O why, did death not find us,
Underneath that Elm tree's shade ?
Why thus spared for Fate to bind us
With rough chains—our hearts betrayed ?
Constant still, true to each other,
Walking life's lone path apart,
Filling stations that another
Could have filled with better heart.

Where are those whose hate betrayed thee,
When Red War strode through the land ?
And by lying lips enslaved thee—
Not thy heart—but worse, thy hand !
Ah ! we cannot see their mission,
But some day it must be shown,
When our hopes shall have fruition,
When once more thou art mine own.

For a greener Elm is growing,
By a purer fount, somewhere,

And a gentler breeze is blowing,
Under starlit skies more rare ;
And beneath that spreading Elm tree,
When Time's waning day is past,
To my heart again I'll clasp thee,—
Whilst eternity shall last.



LOVE'S AUTUMN.



LIKE meadows filled full of the moonlight
Mixed with shadows and odorous balm ;
Like the depths of the skies on a June night
Filled full of an exquisite calm ;
Like a garden run wild with sweet roses,—
Like a park wreathed with amorous vines,—
Like a lake, where the white swan reposes,
Dreaming dreams in the dusk of the pines.

Our souls were such meadows of blisses,—
Our minds were such regions of calm,—
Your lips were a garden of kisses,
Your breath such an odorous balm ;
Our hearts, they were chambers of gladness
Trellised round with sweet tendrils and vines ;
And your lips that had never breathed sadness,
Conned over Love's exquisite lines.

But that day-dream of love and of pleasure,
That morning of peace and delight,
Hath departed and left us no treasure,
Save memories as mournful as night ;
The garden of roses hath faded,
The meadows are full of dead leaves,
The lakelet's fair bosom is shaded,
And its sad waves a monody weaves.

Ah me ! as I gaze on the vision,
Dim ghosts of the dead days gone by
Come and taunt me, and hold in derision
My sorrows, each tear and each sigh.
While low hangs the dun sky all dreary
On the sands of Life's shipwreck-strewn shore,
Where the mystical waves have grown weary
With chanting, No more, never more !



IN MEMORIAM.



ONE year ago, to-night,
A pair of little feet
Were shod to walk through the shadowy vale,
Eternal morn to meet.

One year ago, to-night,
A pair of little hands

Lifted the latch of our door, and left
In search of golden lands.

One year ago, to-night,
A little white-robed form
Shivered with cold, as he left our home,
In search of sunlight warm.

He found the warm sunlight,
He found the golden land,—
For a message came from his home, to-night,
By a white-robed angel band.

OCTOBER DREAMS.

THE hope that fades, the dream that dies,
The cloud that sweeps across the skies,
The wind that passes by,
Are scarce more brief than mortal life:—
Is it then well to vex with strife
A thing of days with dreams run rife
That with the night shall die?

So asks my soul, this autumn day,
As round my feet the dead leaves play

And eddy in the blast ;
The lily and the rose are dead ;
The farmer's wain stands in his shed ;
The fields are bare, and overhead
Dun clouds are drifting past.

And thou, why should I vex thy mind
With memories of words unkind,
Seeing we both shall die ?
And in the tranquil, stilly grave
From which no hand is strong to save—
Our dust shall sleep while winds shall rave
And dull clouds fleck the sky.

Thus, while the sad October blast
Wakes a faint cadence of the past
I feel no tinge of pain ;
The bitter words that once could give
Long nights of pain, no longer live ;—
I have forgotten, and forgive :
Where shall we meet again ?

Aye, where ?—perhaps beyond the stars
When Death the Morning's gate unbars !
And we may find at last
That bitter words, and tears, and pain
Are preludes to the rich refrain
That for Life's after-acts remain,
When this wild scene is past.

APRIL.

ONCE more the tender gloaming falls
Around earth's winter-ruined walls
 This gentle April eve,
And south winds from the moaning seas
Come whispering to the budding trees,
 That now have ceased to grieve.

The swelling buds are dreaming dreams
Of dewy morns and sunny beams
 And happy Summer hours ;
The Easter flowers peep through the sod
And sweetly smile good-night to God,
 And dream of fragrant bowers.

The twilight dies, and my dream runs
Back thro' the years whose April suns
 Have set to rise no more ;
And Fancy paints one happy day,
Whose lights and shadows lingering play
 Along this dreamland shore.

For since that day no Easter flowers
Have bloomed like those that blessed the hours
 Of that sweet April time ;
Since then Life's lessons have been learned—

The prize is dust when once 'tis earned,—
And empty as this rhyme.

The South winds kiss my window pane
And wake the wind-harp's tender strain
In mournful, minor key ;
Be still, O heart ! nor question why
That things most loved, most surely die,—
What is to be, *must* be.



NOVEMBER.



THE rude November blast
Sweeps wildly past,
And withered leaves ride on his scentless wings ;
And never yet was heard,
From beast or bird,
A wail so sad as this one which he sings.

From faded grove and bower
This lonely hour
His dirge-like strain ascends to starless skies ;
And in my lonely room,
His voice of doom
Affrights my spirit with a wild surprise.

The flowers are in their graves—
And by the waves
The willows' robes piecemeal are torn away ;
And with uncovered head
Above the dead
The stately oak weeps in his kingly way.

No more the kine are seen
Upon the green,
But orchards, woodlands, meadows, fields are bare ;
And out against the sky
Bleak mountains high
Stand like so many statues of Despair.

O rude November blast,
Sweep wildly past !
But know that summer skies will beam again,
And south-winds with perfume
Shall rend the tomb
And kiss to life each victim thou hast slain.



SONGS OF LOVE.



THE singer that sang me a song of Love
In the years long gone—is dead !
But the song still lives, like the stars above
That burn when the day hath fled ;

Deathless and pure, in the innermost soul,
While the waves of life's ocean around me roll.

The voice of that singer is hushed and still
To the ear of others around ;
But it reaches me from the far-off hill
With sweeter and holier sound :—
From the far-off hill were the Mansions stand,
Gleaming so sweet in the Master's Land.

The song is not changed ;—'tis the same sweet song,
The song of the olden time ;—
But the cadence is faultless, no note is wrong,
And Love is its rhythm and rhyme,—
And the singer is thinking that I, some day,
Will join her in singing the old love-lay.

And thus, I suppose, there is one sweet voice
Comes ringing to every heart
From the far-off Land, where spirits rejoice,
To which we may soon depart ; [blend
Where the lute and the harp, and the rich voice
In the Song of Love that shall never end.

Ah ! little we know how the songs we sing
As we walk through life to-day,
May fasten their tendrils to hearts, and cling,
When our lives have passed away ;—
And bind, with the golden links of Love,
Some weary heart to the Courts above.

ANGEL GUARDS.

Two angels, pure as heaven's own light,
Each human form attend ;
One on the left, one on the right,
Who follow us by day and night,
Till life's strange way shall end.

Recording angels they, who keep
The records of each day,
And seal the books when once we sleep—
That as we sow so shall we reap,
Upon the harvest-day.

The angel on the left notes all
The evil that we do ;—
Of angry words that we let fall,
And sinful acts, however small,
Is kept a record true.

The other angel writes the good
We do throughout the day ;
Each holy thought o'er which we brood,
All kindly acts of brotherhood,
And gentle words we say.

And when at night the midnight bell
The solemn hour doth toll,

One of the records kept so well
 Is sealed at last, till heaven or hell
 Shall claim the deathless soul.

If he, for whom the books are kept,
 Hath turned to God his prayer
 Ere he upon his couch hath slept,
 The evil record then is swept
 Away by fingers fair.†

But, if his prayer hath been unsaid,
 Alike through night and day,
 The angel on the right doth shed
 A tear upon her page, instead,
 And wipes the good away.

Such is the story as 'tis told
 In ancient Magian Lore,
 And whether new, or whether old,
 The moral is as pure as gold
 That bids us pray the more.

† The Mohammedans have a tradition that the angel who notes a man's good actions has the command over him who notes his evil actions; and that when a man does a good action, the angel of the right hand writes it down ten times, and when he commits an ill action, the same angel says to the angel of the left hand, *Forbear setting it down for seven hours; peradventure he may pray, or may ask pardon.*

BLOW, BLOW, BLOW.

BLOW, blow, blow,
On thy barren hills, O Wind !
But the sweet perfume of thy breath is left
In the summer vales behind.

Moan, moan, moan,
Thro' the cedar, and hemlock, and pine,
While the leaves are dead on the stately oak
And the apple-tree and vine.

Howl, howl, howl,
Thro' the caves on the mountain-side ;
For the cadence sweet of thy summer-voice
In the summer vales hath died.

It is well that the fruits of the fruitful trees
In the husbandman's garners sleep ;
It is well that the soul of the purple grape
Is housed in his cellars deep.

It is well that the youthful heart may feast
In the vales where the Sumner glows—
But O, is it well that the weary feet
Have to climb through the Winter's snows ?

Aye, it is well, when the joys of the heart
Fall off like the leaves from the vine—
When the heart hath changed from a summer sprout
To a wintry mountain pine.

Aye, it is well—for the mountain pine
Is nearer the heaven above,
While it looketh down on the vale below
That sleeps in the warmth of love.

Blow, blow, blow,
On thy barren hills, O Wind !
But the sweet perfume of thy breath is left
In the summer vales behind.



DECEMBER.



DECEMBER winds are whispering chill
To barren oaks that crown the hill,
And to the dead leaves there ;—
A strange, sad song, so full of pain,
The sharp winds sing to hill and plain :—
A doleful dirge—for all the slain
That once bloomed sweetly fair.

The pines and cedars wear their green,
But make more desolate the scene,

Of darkness and decay ;
Sole mourners on the hillside there,—
They moan their tones of wild despair
That swell upon the wintry air,
Then sadly ebb away.

And many a human tree, to-night,
Stands leafless in the waning light
Of Hope's expiring beam ;
Beneath them all their dead leaves lie ;
Above them hangs a wintry sky ;
Around them chill winds wail and sigh
That joy is but a dream.

Pale lovers, whose young loves are dead ;
Sad bards, whose glorious dreams have fled,
Stand on Life's windy hill ;
And with them stands the ruined maid,
Whose leaves of joy have all decayed,
While unrelenting, undismayed,
Life's wintry winds sing chill.

God pity all these human trees
That sway in Life's wild, wintry breeze
This lone and dreary night,
And grant that an Eternal Spring
To each new robes of green may bring,
And joy-birds once more sweetly sing
In Summer's Land of Light.

AN ALLEGORY.

I.

A FLOWER was loved by a humming bird,
And the humming bird lived in the mountain,
The floweret bloomed on a ledge of rock,
And out of the rock flowed a fountain.

A warrior, valliant but cruel of heart,
In passing the fountain one day,
Threw a stone at the bird—the flow'r it smote,
And it withered ere evening grey.

The little bird strayed thro' the wild mountain bow'rs,
Its little heart sick with its sorrow ;
But none could it find 'mid a thousand flowers
From which it a solace could borrow.

II.

A maiden was loved by a warrior bold ;
The maiden lived down in the valley ;
The warrior dwelt in his own stronghold,
Save when he to battle would rally.

The warrior mounted his steed one day—
Rode off to the red field of battle ;—
And the maiden died ere the close of the day,
While the vale re-echoed war's rattle.

The humming-bird flew to the chieftain bold,
 And whispered, ere day's closing hour :
 " Death hurls bolts at you, thy loved one they smite,
 Like the stone thrown by you smote my flow'r."

The humming-bird hied to the floweret's side,
 And there on the ledge of rock it died ;
 To the vale in haste rode the chieftain brave,
 But the maiden he sought lay robed for the grave.

RESURGERE.

YET if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
 To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
 And sophist, madly vain of dubious lore ;
 How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labors light !
 To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more !
 Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,

The Bactrian, Samain sage, and all who taught the right.—BYRON.

THE caterpillar that weaves his shroud
 As the autumn days go by,
 Awakes with the spring-tide's sun and cloud
 A golden-winged butterfly :
 A nobler type and a higher form,
 Of life, to flash in the sunlight warm.

The kernels of grain which the farmers sow
 In their furrows deep and wide,

Decay and die that the harvest may glow
In the glorious summer-tide ;
For gladsome germs from the dead grains rise,
Flushing their green to cerulean skies.

Earth's glories fade, but the world wheels on,
Renewing her joys again ;
And every year brings a brighter dawn
To gleam on a fairer train ;—
The world grows fresher with each glad spring,
And sweeter the song that the singers sing.

And so I sit in my cosy room
And list to the March wind's song ;
Dreaming a dream without shadow or gloom
As the night-tide flows along ;—
While stars gleam down from the tents above
Where angels are singing the Songs of Love.

I dream of a sister whose eyes were bright
When the world to her was fair ;
I dream of my boy who sleeps, to-night,
On the hillside cold and bare ;
And I dare to dream that these shall rise,
In the world's New Morn, to glad mine eyes.

I dream of a singer who sang for me
In the gladsome summer hours ;
When the blossoms hung on the orange tree
In the land of vine and flowers ;—

I dare to dream she will sing for me,
In her glad New Home by the summer sea.

“No after life!” said the Sadducee,
“No God!” said the foolish soul;—
But less than the winds are such words to me
As the seasons onward roll;
For Christ has risen, my hope is free
From Sceptic, Sophist and Sadducee.

LIFE'S DECEMBER.

How swiftly pass the years away,
They will not tarry, will not stay;
Their darksome gloom, or brightsome gleam,
Fade from our vision like a dream.

They tell their four-fold tales, and die
Beneath the drear December sky;
The spring and summer beam no more—
And autumn's dead strew winter's shore.

They come again but to repeat
To other ears their promise sweet;
And other hearts shall find, like ours,
In winter's hand but withered flowers.

No more for us the years shall bring
The verdure of life's happy spring ;
No more shall summer's starlight shine
In bowers that love once made divine.

These come but once—no after year
Revives the scene to memory dear ;
While age's winter drifts the snow
Upon the graves of long ago.

And we, sad mourners, weep and sigh
Beneath the chill December sky ;
But tears of bitterness and pain
Will ne'er revive our joys again.



THE OCTOBER MOON.



GLEAM down, through long and silent hours,
On frosted leaves and fading bowers,
 O clear October moon !
Soft glories thy pale glintings make
Round orchard lawn, and forest brake,
And silv'ry fount, and stream, and lake,
 This holy night's high noon.

Gleam on, O moon ! yon willow tree
Turns her pale, pleading face to thee

In silent, deep despair ;
The winds look on with bated breath,
While field and forest dream of death ;
And, softer each sweet brooklet say'st
Her mystic, midnight prayer.

O Moon ! from thy pure home of light
How canst thou smile so sweet, to-night,
On Nature's couch of pain !
Lo ! what a wreath of golden hair
Hangs clustering round earth's temples fair
And falling on her bosom bare—
Pleading for life in vain.

O Luna, fair ! thy rites of old
Were cruel as thy kiss is cold
This clear October night !—
And now, while Death walks everywhere—
While Nature lifts great hands of prayer,
With head uncovered,—bosom bare,—
Thou smilest with delight.

Beam on ! thy mocking light did blend
With one fair dream that found an end
One sad October night !
Dust lies upon *her* bosom fair,
And mingles with *her* golden hair ;—
Your heartless smile alone I share
That mocks a dead delight.

THREE GRAVES.

“I DIGGED three graves in a lonely land,
And laid therein, with a trembling hand,
The queenly forms of an angel band.

“The first was FAITH, and I laid her there
In Doubt’s dark grave while life was yet fair,
And breathed not a word of song or prayer.

“The next was HOPE,—but I bathed her head
With bitter tears when I found her dead ;—
And wild the words of despair I said.

“The last was LOVE, the fairest of all
That ever walked in the Master’s hall ;
The queenliest queen, so fair and tall.

“But she, sweet soul, when her sisters died,
Wept on their graves, and wept by my side,—
Pined like a child, and sickened and died.

“I smoothed her locks with a faltering hand ;
I hid her face in the desert sand ;
The fairest face of a heaven-born band.

“I buried these ere my head was gray,

And since that time in the wilderness way
I walk with fiends—Hate, Doubt and Dismay.

“I journey on, though I know not where,
With fruitless tears and with fruitless prayer,
Eating the ashen fruit of despair.

“No pillar of fire by night I see,
No cloud by day leads the way for me
Thro’ this wild waste by the dead Dead Sea,”

Thus spake the Sceptic I met one day,
Faithless and hopeless on Life’s highway,
Loveless and Christless, and all astray.

God pity him, and pity us all
When death’s dark shade and the funeral pall
Over our wearied hearts shall fall.



THE MYSTIC SPRING.



AMONG our West Virginia peaks,
Where nature plays such wondrous freaks,
A mystic spring is found :—
Some Undine wandering on her way
Among these hills, one summer day,

Clomb this high peak whose temples gray
With cedar boughs are bound.

Beneath an age-worn cliff of stone,
With moss and lichens overgrown,
 Repose her fair limbs blest ;
And whilst this gentle Undine slept,
Close by her feet a fountain leapt—
One-half flowed East, the other kept
 Its bright way to the West.

And standing by this fountain's brink
Once more, to-day, I can but think
 This fount a type must be
Of human loves divided here ;
Of pleasure's smile and sorrow's tear ;
Of heaven-born faith and earth-born fear
 That drift toward the Sea.

We clomb this mountain-peak one day
In years that long have passed away,
 And viewed Love's landscape o'er ;
But some strange hand in that sweet hour
Laid on our souls a baleful power,
And we went forth from this fair bower
 To meet in life no more.

Thus hath it been—thus shall it be
To those who, after us, shall see

And drink of this strange fount ;—
For lovers drinking here shall find
In after life their paths will wind
In devious mazes, dark and blind,
Diverging from this mount.

But, like the waters of this spring,
Though severed here—the journeying
Will gain the same bright goal ;
To aching hearts this brings relief,—
For years are few and days are brief,—
And there's an end to wayworn grief—
A haven for the soul.

And we—we two—shall find the Sea
And mingle, unrestrained and free,
In that sweet Evermore ;—
Then be forgot the mountain peak—
Then be forgot the fateful freak
That, by strange pathways, bade us seek
Eternity's calm shore.

*On the top of one of the dividing ridges of the Alleghany chain a spring arises. A traveler noticing its singular situation, divided its waters by inserting a piece of bark in the fountain, and directed one-half its waters to the East, which seeks the Potomac and eventually finds the Chesapeake; the other half finds the Ohio and finally the Gulf of Mexico, both blending at last in the great Atlantic. It is painful to think how many founts of human joy are divided and how many hearts separated by strips of bark torn from the great Upas tree of slander. And yet it is pleasant to think that in the great hereafter these divided hearts may blend in the great ocean of felicity.

VOICE OF THE WINDS.

“There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and none of them is without signification.”—I Cor. 14: 10.

I SIT all alone by my hearthstone, to-night,
While soft on the floor falls the warm, ruddy light ;
And I list to the voice of the winds as they moan
Thro’ the hallway and door with their mystical tone.

Who has not, at some time, since childhood’s bright day,
Hid his face in his hands and bowed to the sway
Of the magical music that winter-winds make ?
What a world of strange fancies their cadences wake !

They bring recollections from out the dim Past,—
Of friendships and pleasures too happy to last ;
Of the place we were born, the spot where we played,
And the lonely churchyards where our treasures are laid.

They sing the same songs every year in the hall,
When on Autumn’s fair face Winterspreads his dark pall;
Thro’ key-hole, and cranny, and rent window-pane,
Comes the sad, mellow music, with minor refrain.

And he who shall sit here in long, after years
Will list the same song, and will dream, as he hears,
Of the Past and the Future, and that lonely spot
Where heart-aches and storms shall all be forgot.

Oh, sweet Mother Nature ! I thank thee for this ;—
Thy constancy whispers of ultimate bliss ;—
Tho' all else may change as the years glimmer by,
Unchanged will thy wind-spirirts murmur and sigh.

O Voice of the Winds ! ye will chant o'er my tomb
Your low, solemn music thro' Winter's chill gloom !
But when earth's latest Winter shall melt into Spring
How sweet shall the song be that then ye shall sing !



TO SHENANDOAH RIVER.



SWEET Shenandoah ! daughter of the skies !
A pleasant pathway to the seas is thine,
By dusky mountain peaks that starward rise
Thy voice goes up to greet the gloaming pine
That trembling, echoes back thy tender tones divine.

Bright Shenandoah, river of delight !
Couldst thou but feel how dear thou art to me,
Thou wouldst not hurry past this starlit night,
To thy great home, the sounding, shoreless sea,
But tarry here, and talk an hour, to-night, with me.

O mountain river, in this wild retreat,†
I sit and watch the mighty Night come down,
As on thy breast He flashes clear and sweet
Each brilliant gem in His great, lustrous crown ;
While mountains smile and rocks forget their frown.

Upon my ear thy liquid whispers fall
 Like heavenly music, soft, and glad, and sweet,
 The mighty cedar on his mountain wall †
 Bows down his head in happiness replete,
 Like him who leans his face to kiss his loved one's feet.

Sweet mountain river, tell me, dost thou know
 The wild, sad longing of the poet's soul,
 As standing here he listens to thy flow ?
 If so, O river ! pity my heart's dole,
 And let thy peace fall on my spirit like a stole.

O thanks, sweet river ! that thy voice divine
 Now calls from out the realm of Long Ago
 One dear, fair form, whose heart was pure as thine,
 Whose breath was sweet, whose soul was white as snow,
 She comes to stay with me ! Flow on, sweet river, flow !

† BROCK'S GAP.—It would be difficult to find, in the whole range of Virginia mountain scenery, a more picturesque and lovely spot than this. Here the North Fork of the Shenandoah River, in ages long gone, has cut a passage through the North Mountain, and on either side of the stream rocks rise in precipitous grandeur for hundreds of feet. The pass is so narrow that there is hardly room on the one side for a wagon road, while from the other side the living stones rise from the water's edge. Dead, indeed, must be his soul who, standing here, does not feel the *divine afflatus*.

‡ Over no stream in the world do cedars and pines bend with a tenderer solicitude than here. And the many legends of the white and the red man respecting this spot, clothe it with a mythological halo brighter than that of Greece. It requires little imagination, as standing here on a summer starlight night, to hear the river talking to the cedars—and the cedars to the stars, and to feel the immediate presence of intelligencies of a higher order than those born of dust. It is one of Nature's Temples in which the winds and waters, and mountains, and cedars, and rocks are priests, and spirits are the worshipers.

BY BABEL'S STREAM.

By the BABYLONIAN river, lo ! the host of ISRAEL
lies,

Captive—moaning in the gloaming of the rich Chal-
dean skies,

While the waters hurry by them heedless of their tears
and cries.

There the maiden, and her lover, doomed to slavery's
galling chain

In the service of a nation God had taught them to
disdain,

Wept their bitter tears of anguish with an aching,
throbbing brain.

There the orphan child looked upward with a mute
and sad surprise

To the heavens that bent above him—then into his
captor's eyes—

Wept, and slept—and dreamed of playing where Ju-
dea's altars rise.

There the aged priest and prophet wept the weary
night away,

Catching glimpses of the future by Faith's telescopic
ray ;

Seeing visions of the dawning of the glorious, perfect day.

Sang the night-winds thro' the willows in the midnight's dusky gloom;

But the stringless harps of Israel slept as voiceless as the tomb,

While the air grew denser round them with the whisperings of doom.

Sad, so sad—that night of anguish, by the Babylonian stream,—

Fiercest night of all great sorrows in the world's long fitful dream,

That may never be forgotten till Eternal Day shall gleam.



“WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.”



“WHEN the swallows homeward fly,”

Once a maiden sang to me,

Underneath a starlit sky,

By a wild accacia tree ;

While the red-lipped, rosy June

Breathed for us a low, love-tune.

“When the swallows homeward fly,”
Once again the maiden sung,
While across the western sky
Sober clouds of autumn hung ;
And the winds sang a refrain
Full of pity, full of pain.

“When the swallows homeward fly,”
Now the maiden sings no more
When the twilight shadows fall
Round about the cottage door ;
But beyond the Summer Sea
She will sing some day to me.

Years have fled, but unto me
Swallow wings are ever dear,
And in dreams I think that they
Often bring her spirit near ;
But no songs they sing for me,
By the wild accacia tree.

Now the red-lipped, rosy June
Breathes to me no low, love-tune ;
And the wild accacia tree
Blooms no more for her and me !
Sunny days and sunny skies
Glow for other hearts and eyes.

TO MY BLANKET.

THOU and I must part, old blanket !
Though I yield thee with a sigh ;
I had hoped thy folds would wrap me
Closely round when I should die :
But the hand of Time hath fingered
Thee more roughly than my frame,
Thou art torn in shreds, and tattered,
I am living all the same.

Dear old blanket ! we together
Oft have wandered thro' the storm
Of the cold, grim-visaged monarch,
And thro' Summer's sunlight warm ;
Thro' the peaceful country by-way,
Thro' the city's crowded street,
Thou and I have been campaigning ;—
Oh, those days !—how false, how fleet !

Thou hast shielded me when duty
Placed me on the picket-post,
And we, too, have held our places
When in battle host met host.
Thou art pierced and rent with bullets
That a foe had meant for me,—

Thanks to him who ruled their mission,
Would, also, they had spared thee.

Ten times have we laid together
On the field of carnage red,
Whilst around us lay the wounded,
Bleeding, dying and the dead.

Thus in tempest or in sunshine,
In the camp or in the field,
Where I wandered thou wast with me,
With thy folds my form to shield.

Thus have we, for years together,
Been of friends the truest, best,
And a tear-drop now is gathering,
As I lay thee by to rest.

Yes, we now must part, old blanket,
Though I yield thee with a sigh,
For I thought thy folds should wrap me
Closely round when I should die.

THE SENTINEL.

THE sentinel walked his lonely round,
And challenged each passer-by ;
Whilst his comrades slept on the frozen ground
And dreamed 'neath a wintry sky

Of home and a thousand joyous scenes
In the peaceful walks of life,
Unmarred by the clash and clang of steel,
And the din of mortal strife.

A slumberer lay 'mid the veteran host,
Though his soul was wandering far,
Afar, afar from the sentry post,
And far from the scenes of war ;
He wandered amid the orange groves,
And fancied his love was there,
And happily fled each fleeting hour,
Unmarred by a thought of care.

“ Fall in, third relief ! ” the sergeant cried,
And the dreamer from slumber arose,
And grasping the musket that lay by his side,
Kept a watch for his wily foes ;
But they came not then, and the night wore on,
And the sentinels changed their round,
And the dreamer dreamed the same bright dream
As he lay on the frozen ground.

The morning came, and with it the clash,
The rush, and the tumult of arms,
The sharp, quick peal and the thundering crash,
And all of war’s horrid alarms.
The battle raged on, and the day wore by,
And night closed over the field,

And friend and foe were alike that day,
For neither their claims would yield.

Yet the dreamer sleeps, tho' he dreamless sleeps
'Neath a cheerless, foreign sky ;
And the maiden weeps, she bitterly weeps,
And sighs that she cannot die ;
For years have fled, vague tidings has she
That her lover lies under the sod,
But even the spot where the sentinel sleeps
Is known alone to his God.

MY ANGEL LOVE.

PURER than the heaven's azure,
At the closing hour of day ;
Gentler than the star-beams mingling
With the twilight dim and gray ;
And as lovely as the lily,
Basking in the morn's first beam—
Was my love, she whom I worshiped
In my youth's gay, gorgeous dream.

She was mild—too mild and gentle,
For life's rough and boisterous hours ;
She was pure—too pure and holy
For this sinful world of ours ;

And the angels, elder sisters,
Came by twilight from above,
And from earth's dark, gloomy prison
Carried home my *angel love*.

Thus she left me, and I sorrow,
Sorrow as the years wear by,
Ever hoping that the morrow
Will but dawn to bid me die.
For the earth holds not a treasure,
Not a soul that e'er can love
Like the gentle, trusting spirit
Of my lost, my *angel love*.



A TRESS OF HAIR.



HERE lies a tress of my sweetheart's hair,
A silken braid of her long, black hair,
That she gave me years ago ;
She had pinned it fast to a ribbon of blue ;
The ribbon is fading, is changing its hue,
But the heart that hath treasured it still is true
To the idol of years ago ;—
To the idol that sleeps in the valley deep,
By the streamlet that wanders where willows weep.

Yes! silken tress of my sweetheart's hair,
That gracefully curled round a neck so fair,
 And fell o'er a bosom so soft and warm,
I have ever worn thee nearest my heart,
(Yes, Della, next to thy lover's heart!)
As a treasure too priceless wherewith to part,
 Till they robe this weary form
For the last long sleep in the valley deep,
By the streamlet that wanders where willows weep.



CYNTHIA.



WHAT does the gentle Cynthia say,
 As she smiles on the earth to-night?
Kissing the mountain, kissing the hill,
Kissing the woodland, kissing the rill,
Kissing the flowers, and taking her fill
Of kissing to sleep, with a delicate will,
 This beautiful world of ours?

With silken whispers and witching smiles,
 She speaks to the lover to-night:
Telling of bowers whose birds have fled,
Telling of arbors whose loves are dead,
Telling of meetings, and what was said

In the ears of Love, while the clouds o'erhead
Were fitting types of its constancy.

With a sad, sweet whisper she speaks to him
Who has wandered from childhood's home ;
Calling up scenes of youth's bright day,
Calling up sister and brother at play,
Calling up those who have passed for aye
From this world of ours, to one away
In the kingdom beyond the sea.

To the Christian she speaks of a tenderer ray
Than the beam of her own sweet face ;
Tells of a clime that forever is bright,
Tells of a day that shall never know night,
Tells of the ransomed whose robes are made white,
Tells how they sing to their harps, in His sight,
The praises of God and the Lamb.



PERSONAL POEMS.



*

PERSONAL POEMS.

TO JOSEPH SALYARDS.

THE summer day sinks dying on the plain,
The happy day that all so sweetly smiled ;
Lo ! Mother Night stoops down to kiss her child

And weep her tears through silent hours of pain
O'er the dead day that never more shall rise
To greet thee, SALYARDS, or to glad mine eyes.

Amid the harvest-field of stars, on high,
The fair, young moon hangs like a sickle bright ;—
Against the sky the distant mountain height
Stands like a Titan, waiting but to try
His arm of strength to reap the worlds above,
And garner in this universe of Love.

From these I turn, to-night, O, noble friend !
To ponder on that day when last we walked
Among the shadows of this glen, and talked
Of hidden mysteries, and things which tend
To make us long to comprehend that power
Which Endor's Witch displayed one midnight hour.

To-night I feel thy soul is laid on mine ;
I look around and try to understand

The winning pressure of a spirit-hand,
That fain would lead me with a power divine
Through cabalistic corridors that end
In Occult Truth. I fear to walk, my friend !

Thou art the elder, both in deeds and days,
In wisdom, worth, and all that makes the man,—
And yet, to-night, my soul leans out to scan
The mystic Ocean with his many bays,
For some calm anchorage where we may see
The sun rise clear upon that Ocean free.

I find it not. I crave one gift of thee :
That shouldst thou go the first to that far land
Where the freed soul in wisdom shall expand,
That thou wouldst send some answer back to me,
In dream, or token ; letting some truth fall
In clear hand-writing on my chamber wall.

Here flesh lies heavy on the soul's fine springs
And weighs it down to earth ; our heavy eyes
Discern the gross, the immaterial flies ;—

We beat our æries with our unfledged wings
When IDOTHEA beckons us to try
The freshness of the circumambient sky.

The world grows old, her gods have passed away !
Saturn and Jove are worshiped now no more !
Their broken temples strew earth's desert floor

Swept by the restless ages' ruthless sway. [dawn,
O'er Time's great mountain height Truth's day will
If not for us, at least when we are gone.

Thou art—I am—nor can we cease to be!—
While glowing worlds illume the realms of space
The universe shall be our dwelling place;—

Then shall we know—if not before—and see
All happy visions, read all golden lore,
God-like immortals sorrowing no more.



TO REV. J. H. BARB.



I LOVE to climb the mountain's rugged crest
At eventide, in happy summer-time,
When from the golden chambers of the West
Sweet zephyrs come, and chant in runic rhyme
To graceful pines that nod their plumes,—and sigh
Like mournful voices of the years gone by.

How sweet, at such an hour, from some high steep
To gaze upon the landscape spread below,
To watch the darkling shadows as they creep
And twine around the distant river's flow;
Till darkness shrouds the eastern mountain wall
And God's star-spangled banner floats o'er all.

'Tis sweet to hear, at such an holy hour,
The Vesper hymn that Mother Nature sings,
When pine and peak, and every fount and flow'r
Are gently fann'd by unseen spirit wings ;
While all proclaim in harmonies divine
That earth and all its fullness, Lord, are Thine.

Surrounded thus, 'tis sweet to look above
And scan the splendors of the upper sky ;
To dream of Immortality and Love,
And all fair things, that never fade or die ;
To paint fair pictures of that purer clime
Where spirits walk the hills of light sublime.

Thou hast some treasures in that better land,
And some of mine are there ; perhaps, to-night,
Thy loved and mine are walking hand in hand
Adown the meadow-lawns of pure delight,—
Whilst we, poor mortals, climb the mountain's brow,
And through a glass discern but darkly now.

And yet, dear BARB, I cannot help but think
This spot is holy ground whereon we stand ;
For here my soul hath had immortal drink
Pressed to her lips, by some fair spirit hand,—
A glorious foretaste of that Fount above,
Whose waters glad the golden courts of Love.

And, hence, I love to climb the mountain's crest
At dewy eve, in happy summer-time,

When from the golden chambers of the West
Sweet zephyrs come and chant in runic rhyme ;
While each bright, golden orb that burns on high
Proclaims a gladsome future, by-and-by.

TO MY WIFE.

THE leaves are falling, my darling,
The leaves are falling,
And in the meadow the starling
With sad voice calling
Mysteriously speaks to my soul
And mournfully tenders my heart,
Till the brain hath no longer control
To keep back the tears that now start,
Bleeding my soul—easing my brain.

My tears are falling, O darling,
My tears are falling,
And still in the meadow the starling
Is sadly calling,—
And somehow the starling and I
Seem to question old Time, to-day,
And look up from earth to the sky,
And sadly from both turn away—
The starling to wail—I to weep.

From Time's bleak mountains, my darling,
From Time's bleak mountains,
A voice comes back to the starling,
That wails by the fountains,—
It rises and swells in the breeze ;
It lisps in the murmuring stream ;
It whispers around the old trees,
Like the sounds that we hear in a dream,
Speaking only one word, Death ! death ! death !

This voice keeps calling, my darling,
Sadly keeps calling,
Wails in the meadow the starling,
Still the leaves falling ;—
The cloud-fretted heavens frown death ;
Death sits on the rock-crested hills,
And crouches with half-taken breath
In bowers beside the bright rills,—
O, death ! death ! terrible death !

Some lone, sad evening, my darling,
When shades have blended,
Will cease the wail of the starling,
My tears be ended ;
And out through illimitless space
The song of the starling will go,
My spirit its pathway will trace,—
That pathway no mortal may know,
Nor the goal of that journey strange.

TO B. BLAKE.†

SOFTLY through the twilight, stealing,
Comes a fond, familiar voice ;
And the love the tones revealing
Bids my earth-worn heart rejoice,
For they speak of rest from sorrow,
In a home undimmed by care,
And that each succeeding morrow
Gently bears me nearer there.

Often as I sit and ponder
Comes this spirit voice to me,—
Comes it from the far-off yonder
Shores of glad Eternity ?
And I feel the thrilling nearness
Of some other soul than mine,
Oh, my wife ! this angel dearness
Voice and spirit are they thine ?

Often, when my feet grow weary
In the pathway that I tread ;
When the clouds that lower dreary
Burst their tempest on my head ;
When my hopes sink to despondence
And my faith to unbelief,
Comes this angel correspondence
Speaking comfort and relief.

Darker now the night falls round me
As I linger by the tomb ;
But the lone grave hath not bound thee ;
Dust alone sleeps in its gloom :--
And thy voice yet comes to bless me
From the groves of endless life,
And thy spirit to caress me,
O my earth-born, angel-wife.

Come to cheer me while I wander,
Soon my pilgrimage shall cease :
Come to bless me when I ponder,
Bringing messages of peace ;--
For Death's night will soon close o'er me,
Soon my dust may sleep with thine ;
Soon my spirit stand before thee,
And thy Paradise be mine.

† These stanzas were written for Mr. B. BLAKE, of Ohio, whose wife has been among the "dead who die in the Lord" for a number of years. I have taken the liberty of attempting to portray an angel visit. It matters little what views may be entertained by the reader; but who has not, at some time of life, felt the touch of a vanished hand? Has not a mother, a sister, a father, a brother, or friend come back to you from the shores of the far-off yonder, as you have pondered in the twilight? Have your eyes never been "opened" like the young man's to whom Elisha spake, when "he saw the mountains full of chariots of fire and horsemen of fire"?



LYRICS.



LYRICS.

BRIGHTLY NOW.

BRIGHTLY now the moon is beaming,
Over mountain, tow'r and tree ;
And the lights of heav'n are streaming
Lines of gold upon the sea ;
All the night is hush'd and holy
Round about earth's mortal shore,
And my spirit bending lowly,
Dreams of happy days of yore ;
Dreams of faces fair and holy
I shall see on earth no more.

They are gone beyond earth's weeping,
They have fled from sin and care ;
They are safe in angels' keeping,
Where the skies are ever fair ;
I shall meet them at the portal
In that glorious by-and-by,
Meet and greet each bright immortal
In that glory-land on high ;
Greet them at the shining portal,
Where no joy can ever die.

Far away, and yet so near us,
Angel bands of light and love ;

They can watch and they can hear us,
As thro' earth's dark vales we rove ;
Oft they come on snowy pinions,
Breathing words that Faith can hear,
Telling of those bright dominions,
Free from care, or doubt, or fear ;
Even now I hear their pinions
In the stillness, rustling near.

Beams the moonlight on the mountain,
Gleams the starlight on the sea ;
And the willow shades the fountain,
And the zephyr woos the lea ;
But my weary spirit ponders
On the glories far away,
And on Faith's white pinions wanders
To the realm of endless day ;
Sadly dreams and mutely ponders
On the land so far away.



EDEN OF LOVE.



OH, when shall I dwell in my Father's bright home,
From sorrow and sin ever free ;
With fair, shining angels forever to roam,
And my blessed Redeemer to see.

Oh, fair are the halls in that Palace of Song !
And sweetly the ransomed ones sing,
As ages of bliss flood their bright tide along
In the home of the Savior, our King.

There safe shall I rest when life's journey is o'er,
And sing with the loved ones above ;
There dwell with my Savior and friends evermore,
In that sweet, happy Eden of Love.

AFTER WHILE.

EARTHLY cares will soon be ended,
After while, after while ;
Hearts and hands with dust be blended,
After while, after while ;
And our feet, now worn and weary
With life's pathway, dark and dreary,
Shall find rest where skies are cheery,
After while, after while.

We shall hail a happy morning
After while, after while ;
Zion's hills with light adorning,
After while, after while ;
Even now sweet spirits meet us,

And to come to them entreat us,
 At heaven's portals they will greet us
 After while, after while.

There beside the crystal river,
 After while, after while ;
 We shall praise thee, glorious Giver,
 After while, after while ;
 And through all the glad forever,
 We shall live with Jesus ever,
 And shall part—no, never, never,
 After while, after while.



GOOD DEEDS.



THERE is no joy like that which springs
 From deeds of kindness done ;
 For that will last when we have passed
 Beyond life's setting sun.

Fame, wealth and splendor pass away
 Like flowers that fade and die ;
 Good deeds, like immortelles, shall live
 In fadeless hue on high.

The highest tribute paid to Christ
 While here on earth he stood,

Was, that he gave his life for men
In daily "doing good."

Like Him, may we forever live
To do our Father's will;
And seek—in kindly deeds of love—
Life's mission to fulfill.

So that, when we have passed beyond
Life's latest setting sun,
We shall receive from Christ himself
That meed of praise: "Well done!"

For 'tis the deed, and not the creed,
Will last through endless years,
And clothe the soul with robes of light
Beyond this Vale of Tears.



A DIRGE.



TENDERLY lay her to rest 'neath the sod:
Angels look lovingly down!
But the fair spirit hath flown to her God,—
Gone to receive a bright crown:
In the sweet fields of the blessed to roam,
Singing with angels so fair;

Dwelling with Christ in His beautiful home,—
All its bright splendor to share.

Why should we linger to weep round the tomb ?
Sorrow shall vex her no more !
Never a shadow of trouble or gloom
Reaches yon heavenly shore.
There with the glorified spirits to reign
Through the bright ages above :
Free from all sorrow and sickness and pain,
Resting in heavenly love !



SHOUT FOR GLADNESS.



SHOUT for gladness, sons of Zion !
Lo ! the morning light appears,
Rising o'er Time's dreary mountains,
Breaking thro' the mist of years ;
Jesus comes with thronging angels,
From the shining courts above,
And the banner streaming o'er Him
Is the banner of His love.

Shout for gladness, O ye people !
Let your songs of triumph ring !
Lo ! the morn of Zion's glory !
Christ, the King of kings, is King !

Shout for gladness, Christ is coming
From the regions of the blest ;
Countless millions rise to meet Him
From the North, South, East and West !
Lo ! the reign of sin is over ;
Death no more can terror bring ;
Shout aloud and sing for gladness,—
Christ, the King of kings, is King !

Glorious day, so long expected !
Flood your tide of bliss along ;
Brooks, and vales, and seas, and mountains,
Join the everlasting song !
Zion, from the heav'ns descending
O'er the earth her radiance flings ;
Saints and angels join the chorus,
Shout, for Christ is King of kings !



MORNING LIGHT.



O THE night of Time soon shall pass away,
And the happy golden day will dawn,
When the pilgrim staff shall be laid aside,
And the kingly crown put on.

We are watching now for the Morning Light,
For the New Jerusalem to come ;

We are waiting still for the Savior, Christ,
Who shall call his children home.

O the happy day that shall gild the hills,
When the Lord shall come to earth again !
O the happy hearts that shall welcome Him,
When he comes once more to reign.

What a joyful time when the earth shall gleam
In the light of an eternal day,
When the saints shall sing unto Christ their King,
In their golden glad array.



IT WON'T BE LONG.



Is thy young heart, O happy child,
Now fill'd with youthful pleasure ?
Look up from these, and ne'er forget
To place in heav'n thy treasure !
It won't be long ere childhood days
Have passed away forever ;
Then look afar, and see thy home
Beyond the rolling river.

Is thy soul fill'd, in manhood's pride,
With dreams of fame and glory ?
Look up from these and view the Cross,
And read Redemption's story !

It won't be long till life shall fade,
Its lights go out forever;
O look afar, and view thy home
Beyond the rolling river.

It won't be long, it won't be long,
My sister and my brother,
Till life for us will all be past—
Then let us love each other.
It won't be long till prayers and tears
Shall cease with us forever;
O let us look to that sweet home,
Beyond the shining river.



GENTLE SPRING.



GENTLE spring is here again,
Bringing mirth and gladness;
All the singing birds have come,
Chasing gloom and sadness.
But my heart is sad and lone,
Tho' the wintry days have flown,
For I miss the loving tone
Which could bring it gladness.

Years ago her gentle voice
Fill'd my heart with pleasure,

And life's lot was full of joy,
 With this single treasure ;
 But no joy earth now can give,
 Tempting with the wish to live,
 And I linger but to grieve
 For the dear, lost treasure.

All alone, she calmly sleeps,
 Underneath the willow,
 And the hare-bells mutely weep,
 Tears upon her pillow ;
 But her face still brightly beams,
 Coming to me in my dreams—
 Like an angel's still it seems—
 Bending o'er my pillow.



TWILIGHT WHISPERS.



THE twilight shadows gently fall
 Upon the cottage lawn ;
 And memory calls to absent friends
 That one by one have gone.
 The evening breeze sighs thro' the trees
 And whispers, half in sadness :—
 Perhaps we all shall meet again
 In heaven's sweet morn of gladness.

I lift my eyes to heaven's blue dome,
Bright stars are gleaming there ;
And Fancy sees beyond the stars
The loved ones dwelling there.
The twilight breeze sighs once again,
Sad as an absent lover :—
Perhaps we'll meet on heaven's bright plain
When life's strange dream is over.

I bow my head, I dare not look
At star-gemm'd azure skies,
For tears of bitterness and doubt
Are gath'ring in my eyes.
Once more the zephyrs stir the trees
Till all their branches quiver :—
Perhaps we'll meet with friends again,
Beyond the shining river.

O mournful, plaintive twilight breeze,
Why whisper in my ear,
That sad *perhaps* that fills my soul
With agonizing fear?
Once more the wind sweeps o'er the lawn,
And whispers to the clover :—
There's no *perhaps* in that sweet home,
When life's sad day is over.

THINKING OF THEE.

O wilt thou never come
Home to this breast,
Home to this weary heart
With care distress'd ;
Bringing thy gentle voice,
Thy sunny smile ;
Making my heart rejoice,
If but awhile.

If but for one short day,
Here all alone,
To have thy warm heart beat
Close to my own ;
To hold thy hand in mine,
Thy lips to kiss !
Oh, 'twould be heav'n to me—
One day of bliss.

If but for one short hour,
At day's decline,
To hear thy voice in prayer
Mingle with mine ;
That as the stars come out
From heav'n above,
Our souls may melt in one
Sweet kiss of love.

HEAVENLY REST.

I LONG for that sweet rest
That comes when life is o'er,
In yonder mansions of the blest
Beyond death's sable shore ;
There my Redeemer lives,
And rules, and reigns above,
And to his chosen children gives,
A life of endless love.

Oh, sweetly fair and pure
The land to me appears ;
A blissful realm that lies secure,
From darkness, death and tears.
Each day that passes by
But wafts us nearer there ;
And joy and rest awaits on high,
In Zion bright and fair.

A few more years of pain,
And earthly toil, and strife,
And Christ's dear children all will gain,
That home of blissful life.
Then let us sweetly live
In love, and praise, and pray'r,
And each at last from Christ receive,
A crown of glory there.

EVERGREEN SHORE.

BEYOND the dark valley and shadow of death,
There bloometh an evergreen shore ;
Secure from all changes of season or time,
Where tempests and clouds are no more.

There's rest on that beautiful shore,
Sweet rest on that evergreen shore,
Where sorrow and sighing and darkness and death
And tempests and clouds are no more.

Bright mansions of splendor adorn that fair shore,
Still waters of life murmur there ;
The glory of God and the smiles of His love,
Adorn it with radiance rare.

'Tis there that our Savior a place has prepared,—
A rest for the sheep of his fold ;
With Abram and Isaac and Jacob to share
The joys that can never be told.

Oh, why should you wander, in folly and sin,
Away from that evergreen shore ;
When Christ in his mercy your soul doth entreat
To share its pure joys evermore ?

“NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.”

A WIDOW sat watching her fair-haired boy
One weary, winter day,
As burning with fever and racked with pain
The little sufferer lay ;
But day went out and the night came down,
The pain had passed away ;
And the child looked up, and the mother bent down
To hear what he might say :—
“ Kiss me, mother, let me go,
Where is neither pain nor woe ;
Kiss me, mother, do not weep—
‘ Now I lay me down to sleep.’ ”

“O mother, the angels stood round my bed,
All day they sang to me ;
And sweetly they told me of that bright land
That lies beyond the sea ;
And they told me, too, of a river pure
Whose waters I shall drink,
And it flows so still through a beautiful vale ;—
I’m near it now, I think.—
Kiss me, mother, let me go,
Where is neither pain nor woe ;
Kiss me, mother, do not weep—
‘ Now I lay me down to sleep.’ ”

“ And Annie, my sister, that died, you know,
Just four long years ago :
I thought she came with them and stood just here,
In robes as white as snow ;
And she sang of Christ and of heaven so bright,
That I forgot my pain ;
And I think, to-night, as you watch by my side,
That she will come again.—
Kiss me, mother, let me go,
Where is neither pain nor woe ;
Kiss me, mother, do not weep—
‘ Now I lay me down to sleep.’ ”



BANQUET OF LOVE.



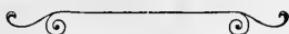
Go forth in the highway, and bid to my banquet,
Behold it stands ready to-day ;
The chosen have tarried, bring hither the needy,
That throng in life’s busy highway.

Now all things are ready, the Master says, “ come,”
The whole world is bidden, and yet there is room ;
The whole world is bidden, the whole world is bidden,
The whole world—and yet there is room.

Then quickly the servants went out from the Master,
His message with gladness they told ;

And in from the highway the needy came flocking,
His mercy and love to behold.

O wayworn and weary, despise not the message
That sounds in life's busy highway ;
Reject not his mercy, the Savior stands waiting—
The banquet is ready to-day.



MY MOUNTAIN HOME.



I LOVE my mountain home,
Where wild winds love to roam !
Where the cypress vine
And the whisp'ring pine
Adorn each granite dome.

I love my mountain home !
I love my mountain home !
Where the skies are blue
And the heart is true :
I love my mountain home !

Sing not with pride to me
Of prairie broad and free ;
Nor of orange groves,
Where the white swan roves ;
Nor cottage by the sea.

For here the wild flow'rs sweet,
Spring up around my feet :
And the laurel blooms
'Mid the cypress glooms
Of many a sweet retreat.

'Tis sweet to wander here,
By fountains cool and clear ;
And talk of love,
Where cooing dove
Alone may see and hear.

My mountain home for me,
Where wild winds wander free ;
With my own true love,
Who will never rove :
My mountain home for me !

NEARER HOME.

PILGRIMS in this land of sorrow,
Day by day we journey on :
And each fast succeeding morrow
Finds our life-work nearer done.

Nearer home ! yes, bless the Savior,
Nearer to a Father's love !

Nearer heav'n's eternal portal !

Nearer to the home above !

Day by day life's path grows drearer—

Earthly joys pass swiftly by ;

But the thought of heav'n grows dearer,

As our hopes and pleasures die.

Earthly friendships oft deceive us,

Beaming with inconstant ray ;

But the Savior ne'er will leave us

In the dark and dreary day.

In our journey may we never

Faint or falter by the way ;

In the glorious glad forever

We shall rest in endless day.



SAY, ARE YOU READY?



SHOULD the Death-Angel knock at thy chamber

In the still watch of to-night ;

Say, will your spirit pass into torment,

Or to the Land of Delight ?

Say, are you ready, O are you ready,

If the Death-Angel should call ?

Say, are you ready, O are you ready?
Mercy stands waiting for all.

Many sad spirits now are departing
Into the world of despair ;
Ev'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer,
Sinner, O sinner, beware !

Many redeemed ones now are ascending
Into the mansions of light ;
Jesus is pleading high up in glory,
Seeking to save you to-night !



JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.



COME to our Father's house,
Come ere the day be gone ;
Tempests are gath'ring fast,
Darkness is coming on.

Fly, for the tempest is coming,
Sweeping the fields of sin ;
Knock at the portals of mercy,
Jesus will let you in.

Look at the weary way,
Look where thy feet have trod ;

Finding no rest or peace,
Wand'ring away from God.

Darker thy pathway grows,
Soon will the night come down ;
Fiercely the lightnings flash,
Darker the tempests frown.

Fly from the fields of sin,
Fly for thy life, to-day ;
Fly to our Father's house,
Enter the narrow way.

Here will thy soul find rest,
Safe from each angry blast ;
Here find a perfect peace,
Joys that forever last.

GOLDEN PLAIN.

THERE'S a land of light and love far away,
Where the long severed friends meet again,
Where the long, dark night and toil-wearing day
Never tarnish the bright golden plain ; [breath,
Where the rude winter blasts never chill with their
Nor the darkling storm glooms the sky ;

Where the soul is freed from sorrow and death,
And the tear nevermore dims the eye.

To that golden shore, some dear ones have gone,
And I trust we shall meet them again,
When that golden morn in lustre shall dawn,
And we stand on the bright golden plain ;
By the River of Life, in the City of Light,
We shall roam with the loved ones above,
And with angels bright, thro' Time's ceaseless flight,
We shall sing of a dear Savior's love.

TWILIGHT IS FALLING.

TWILIGHT is stealing
Over the sea,
Shadows are falling
Dark on the lea ;
Borne on the night-winds,
Voices of yore,
Come from the far-off shore.

Far away beyond the starlit skies,
Where the love-light never, never dies,
Gleameth a mansion filled with delight,
Sweet happy home so bright !

Voices of lov'd ones !
Songs of the past !
Still linger round me,
While life shall last :
Lonely I wander,
Sadly I roam,
Seeking that far-off home.

Come in the twilight,
Come, come to me !
Bringing some message,
Over the sea ;
Cheering my pathway
While here I roam,
Seeking that far-off home.



A PILGRIM SONG.

I'M a lonely pilgrim here,
Vex'd with many a doubt and fear,
As I journey along by the way ;
But I hope at last to stand
On fair Canaan's peaceful strand,
Free from sorrow, from doubt and dismay.

Oh, I know there's rest beyond,
That some other souls have found,

For in visions their faces I see ;
Thro' the stilly hours of night,
From the plains of endless light,
Spirit voices oft whisper to me.

Here the desert wilds expand
Round about on either hand,

But I'm nearing the Jordan, you see !
And beyond that narrow stream,
Endless bow'rs of blessing beam,
And they're blooming for you and for me !

When the wilderness is past,
And I reach that land at last,

Oh, how happy my poor soul will be !
With the glorified to stand,
On that glittering, glory-land,
And the Savior, my Savior, to see.



MY TREASURE.



I LOVE the blessed Savior,
Who guards me day by day ;
I'll seek his gracious favor
To bless me all the way.

His arm is round about me,
Wherever I may go ;

And He alone can keep me
From sorrow, sin and woe.

His love I cannot measure,
So full, so pure, so free ;
My Saviour is my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

NELLIE.

THE wind sweeps down the meadow,
The snow lies on the hill,
And in old winter's bosom
The brooklet sleepeth chill ;
The earth has lost its beauty,
The skies are clad in gloom,
For she is gone,—my darling—
To sleep within the tomb.

The winds of winter lonely,
Chant dirges o'er her grave ;
And round about it only
The leafless willows wave ;
No pleasant flowers are swelling,
To burst their rich perfume,
Nor summer grasses growing,
To clothe her peaceful tomb.

But there will come the summer,
 And there will fall the rain,
And there the tender willow
 Shall yet grow green again ;
And there the south-wind's calling,
 Shall waken fragrant flowers,
And there shall birds sing sweetly
 In happy summer hours.

And O, there comes a summer,
 More precious, sweet and fair,
When we shall, like earth's flowers,
 New robes of beauty wear ;
And then we'll rise together
 And walk these fields again,
And sing with all the angels,
 Redemption's joyful strain.



LOOK BEYOND.



Look beyond, my soul, and see
 Zion's city fair ;
Gleaming radiant as the sun,
 Free from pain and care.
Lo, the race is almost run !
Life's fierce strife will soon be done !

Glorious rest will soon be won !
Yield not to despair.

Lo, thy Captain, Jesus, leads
Forth to realms of rest ;
Victor's wreaths shall bind thy brow,
In His mansions blest ;
There with saints and angels fair,
Free from every earth-born care,
Thou shalt endless pleasure share,
On His loving breast.



CITY OF LIGHT.



THERE'S a City of Light 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not a sorrow or care :
And the gates are of pearl, and the streets are of gold,
And the building exceedingly fair.

Let us pray for each other, nor faint by the way,
In this sad world of sorrow and care,
For that home is so bright, and is almost in sight,
And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

Brother dear, never fear,—we shall triumph at last,
If we trust in the word He has giv'n ;

When our trials and toils, and our weepings are past,
 We shall meet in that home up in heav'n.

Sister dear, never fear,—for the Savior is near,
 With his hand He will lead you along ;
 And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
 And your mourning shall turn to a song.

Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine ;
 Let us ever keep near to the cross ;
 Let us love, watch and pray, in our pilgrimage here ;
 Let us count all things else but as loss.



HOME TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.



O FATHER, come kiss me once more,
 And watch by my bed just to-night :
 Your Nettie will walk thro' the Valley of Death
 Ere dawn of the sweet Sabbath light.

O father, I'm going to mother, so dear,
 I dream'd that I saw her last night ;
 And over the river, sweet voices I hear :
 They call me to mansions of light,—
 Home, home, home to my mother in heaven.

O father, what news shall I take
 To Jesus and mother for you ?

I'll tell him to send holy angels of light
To bless and to comfort you, too.

Our home here is lonely and dark,
And oft we are hungry and cold ;
But I shall go home to my mother, to-night,
Where pleasures are purer than gold.

O father, dear father, once more
Of Jesus I pray you to think ;
And when I am gone to my mother in heaven,
O father, please give up your drink.

O father, dear father, once more
Please read in my Bible, and think :
“No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven!”
O God, keep my father from drink !



HOME OF THE BLEST.



HOME of the blest, sweet visions of love
Gladden my soul while thinking of thee ;
Sweet are thy streams and gardens above ;
Home of the blest, thou art dearer than all to me.

Harps of the blest, your music I hear :
Soothingly sweet it comes unto me,

Calming to rest each torturing fear,
Home of the blest, thou art dearer than all to me.

Home of the blest, life's burdens I'll bear :
Walking by faith thy glories I see ;
Shortly thy joys and pleasures I'll share ;
Home of the blest, thou art dearer than all to me.

JACOB'S WELL.

JESUS sat by the well, and a woman came there,
She a poor, needy sinner like me ;
And He gave her to drink of the Water of Life,
And this water is still flowing free.

Ho, ev'ry one that thirsteth !
Come ye to the waters !
Come ye to the waters, flowing so free !

Whoso drinketh this water shall thirst never more,
For a fountain it ever shall be,
Springing up in His soul unto life evermore ;
And this water is flowing for thee.

Jacob's well is still full, and the Savior still waits,
And He calls, thirsty sinner, to thee ;
Will you drink of the fountain of Jacob and live,
While this water is still flowing free ?

OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

FOND mem'ry paints the scenes of other years,
Green be their mem'ry still ;
And bright amid those joyous scenes appears
The schoolhouse on the hill.

O the old schoolhouse that stands upon the hill,
I never, never can forget ;
Dear, happy days, ye gather round me still !
I never ! no, never can forget.

There hangs the swing upon the maple tree,
Where you and I once swung ;
There flows the spring, forever flowing free,
As when we both were young.

And just beyond the schoolhouse playing ground,
Green grows the forest still ;
Where once we chased each other round and round,
With boist'rous glee and skill.

There climb the vines, and there the berries grow
Which once we prized so high ;
And there the ripe nuts glisten in the glow
Of rich October's sky.

And on the play-ground happy children still
 Shout as in days of yore ;
 But oh ! those days, alas, for us, dear Will,
 Are gone forever more.



GRAVE ON THE GREEN HILLSIDE.



THERE's a little grave on the green hillside
 That lies to the morning sun,
 And our way-worn feet often wander there
 When the cares of the day are done ;
 There we often sit till the twilight falls,
 And talk of that far-off land,
 And we sometimes feel in the twilight there
 The soft touch of a vanished hand.

Grave on the green hillside,
 Grave on the green hillside ;
 In the years to come we will calmly sleep
 In a grave on the green hillside.

Ah ! the land is full of these little graves,
 In valley, and plain, and hill ;
 There's an angel, too, for each little grave,
 And these angels some mission fill ;

And I know not how, but I sometimes think
They lead us with gentle hand,
For a whisper falls on our willing ears
From the shores of a far-off land.

And these little graves are but wayside marks
That point to the far-off land,
And they speak to the soul of a better day,
Of a day that is near at hand ;
Tho' we first must walk thro' the darksome vale,
Yet there Christ will be our guide ;
And we'll reach the shore of the far-off land
Thro' a grave on the green hillside.



SOUL'S SWEET FATHERLAND.



THERE is a land on whose fair shore
No tempests beat or surges roar ;
Where weary, way-worn souls may find
Rest for the throbbing heart and mind.

'Tis the clime of the blest,
'Tis the land of delight,
Where the many mansions stand ;
'Tis the home of the soul,
Ever fair, ever bright,—
'Tis the soul's sweet fatherland.

Its peaceful plains glow in the light
Of one glad day that knows no night ;
There Christ, the King, who reigns above,
Fills all the boundless realm with love.

Sweet are the songs the singers sing
In that great temple of our King ;
There martyrs, priests and prophets old,
Walk on the streets of shining gold.

Oh, may we reach that joyful land,
No more to clasp the parting hand ;
Forever there, with Christ above,
Reign in that land of boundless love.

BY THE GATE.

HOLY, happy angels guard the Christian's way,
Never from his path they stray ;
Ever on their mission, they their vigils keep,
Guarding all his waking, watching all his sleep.

By the gate they'll meet us,
'Neath the golden sky,
Meet us at the portal,
Meet us by-and-by.

Tho' we may not see them with our mortal eyes,
By the light of Time's dim skies,
Yet we hear their whispers, pointing far away
To the golden lustre of eternal day.

Holy, happy angels, sent us from above,
Thro' the Savior's gracious love,
Be ye ever near us, guarding all our way,
Till we reach the mansions of eternal day.



CHRISTMAS BELLS.



HAPPY Christmas bells are ringing
Ev'rywhere, ev'rywhere;
Merry Christmas bells are ringing,
Upon the wintry air:
Telling of the love of God's dear Son,
How He came from heav'n to earth,
Ringing in the morning, once again,
Of our dear Savior's birth.

Ring, sweet bells, oh, ring again!
Pealing out your gladsome strain!
Happy Christmas bells, peal on,
Ringing gladness ev'rywhere.

Happy Christmas bells, your chiming
Wakens hopes bright with love ;
Tenderly your music tells us
Of that sweet home above.
Hopefully we look to that sweet home,
Far removed from care and sin,
Longing for the bells of heav'n to ring
A sweeter Christmas in.

Happy Christmas bells, your pealing
Calls to pray'r, ev'rywhere ;
Cheerfully we look beyond us
To that sweet home so fair :
When the winter days have ended here,
May we all in heav'n above,
With our blessed Savior then appear
In God's sweet home of love.



THE SAVIOR CALLS.

HEARKEN, children, the Savior calls you !
Hear the joyful news !
Free salvation to you is offered,
Dare you still refuse ?

Children, children, the Savior calls you,
And his promise is *to-day* ;

Fly to him for his priceless blessing,
O do not delay.

Come to Him, in thy youth's sweet morning,
Give him all thy heart !
He will shield thee, and gently bless thee,
Never from thee part.

By-and-by, when this life is ended,
You shall dwell on high ;
Share his love in the many mansions
Far beyond the sky.



MY REFUGE.



THE Lord my refuge is !
My fortress, my defence,
Whose battlements of strength are crowned
With Love's Omnipotence ;
And round about whose living wall
Eternal splendors ever fall.

Not kingdoms, thrones, or pow'rs,
Things present, nor to come ;
Not life, nor death, nor height, nor depth
Can drive from this dear home ;

This Rock, this Tower, forever sure !
Eternal Refuge, shall endure !

Safe, sheltered by this Rock,
What ill have I to fear ?
No storm can reach me where I stand,
 No foe can venture near :
Eternal Refuge of the soul,
While endless ages onward roll !



TUNE THE LYRE.



TUNE ! tune the lyre, but not to joy,
 Strike ! strike the notes of woe ;
And o'er my care-bewildered heart,
 A sad enchantment throw :
Dark strains well suit my spirit now.
 Since sad is every thought,
The saddest notes the sweetest are,
 With sweetest solace fraught.

O sing of dear departed days,
 Of joys forever flown !
O madly strike the sounding lyre
 For I am all alone !

Sing! sing EUTERPE, maid of heav'n!
But let the strain be deep,
O touch the wildest note of grief,—
Then, minstrel, let me weep.



STANZAS.



I LOVE to think of the joyous Past,
With its train of happy friends ;—
To look at the scenes of the long ago
Through the glass that Memory lends ;
And yet it fills my spirit with woe
And it throbs my heart with pain,
To think of the friends and the peaceful scenes
I shall greet no more again.

There are downy cheeks, and laughing eyes,
And lips, that I used to kiss,
In that bright train ! O where are they now !
In a brighter world than this ?
A radiant form I see through my tears,
The queenliest one of the train ;
But her cheek is pale, and I sigh to think
I shall meet her no more again.

There are comrades, too, in that long, long train,
Brave comrades who fell by my side ;

EVENTIDE.

Fought the battle of Life on the red field of Death,
 Fought bravely, fell nobly, and died.
 They sleep their last sleep in the forest deep,
 And they sleep on the battle plain ;
 In the groves on the hill-tops they sleep, and O,
 Shall I meet them no more again ?

They are gone, all gone, and I still am left
 To weep o'er the grave of the Past,
 That veils in its depths so many bright flow'rs
 That bloomed all too brightly to last !
 And I cannot but weep, as I sit all alone,
 To think of the long, silent train ;—
 How others are flying with those that have flown,
 Shall I meet them no more again ?



EVENTIDE.



'Tis sweet to lie at eventide,
 Within the forest wild and wide :
 To watch the stars that gem the sky,
 To hear the winds in sadness sigh,
 And think of by-gone days.

'Tis sad at such an hour as this,
 To think on scenes of youthful bliss,

Of her you woo'd and won—and lost,
When Life and Death the last die toss'd,
And Death the winner proved.

"Tis sweet to feel, at such an hour,
That Death is but a kindly power ;
To fancy one bright star above
The joyous home of her you love,
That Death will bear you there.

TO MISSOURI RIVER.

I LOVE thee, proud stream, as I loved thee of yore,
Tho' alas ! on thy banks I may stray never more ;
I love thee, proud stream, as I loved thee in youth,
Ere I left the fair paths of virtue and truth.

I love thee, proud stream, where in infancy's pride,
I pull'd the bright flowers that grew by thy side ;
I love thy dark waves, as onward they sweep
Past the tomb on thy bank where my father doth sleep.

O hallowed spot ! ever dear shalt thou be !
For undying Memory still brings thee to me :
Yes, oft on the wings of fair fancy I roam, [home.
By the stream, by the tomb, and by childhood's bright

Roll on, noble river ! roll on in thy pride !
Lave gently the tomb on thy green, mossy side :
Thou type of my life, roll on to the sea,
As I float down Time's tide to eternity.

TO ERATO.

SWEET maid of heaven, ERATO, fare-thee-well !
No more with thee I climb the mountain height,
Nor with thee, in the gloaming seek the dell
To read God's poem on the brow of night ;
To wander with thee on the moonlit strand
And kneel beside thee, holding fast thy hand.

Sweet maid of heaven, ERATO, fare-thee-well !
I fill the lonely night with bitter tears ;
With weary sighs, foreboding sorrows swell
As looking out I see the lonely years
That are to dawn and fade, and die away
Without thy song to bless each parting ray.

Sweet maid of heaven, ERATO, fare-thee-well !
Thy myrtle wreath, thy crown of roses rare,—
Thy lute's soft witchery and thy lyre's sweet spell
Have been to me a joy beyond compare ;—

But woe is me ! Olympus fades from view,
While broken arches echo my adieu !

And yet, perchance, in some far distant day,
With thee again Parnassus I may climb,
And hear thy mellow lute's bewitching lay,
And drink the fountain of a purer rhyme ;
But till that day, ERATO, fare-thee-well !
Once more, ERATO, yet once more, farewell !



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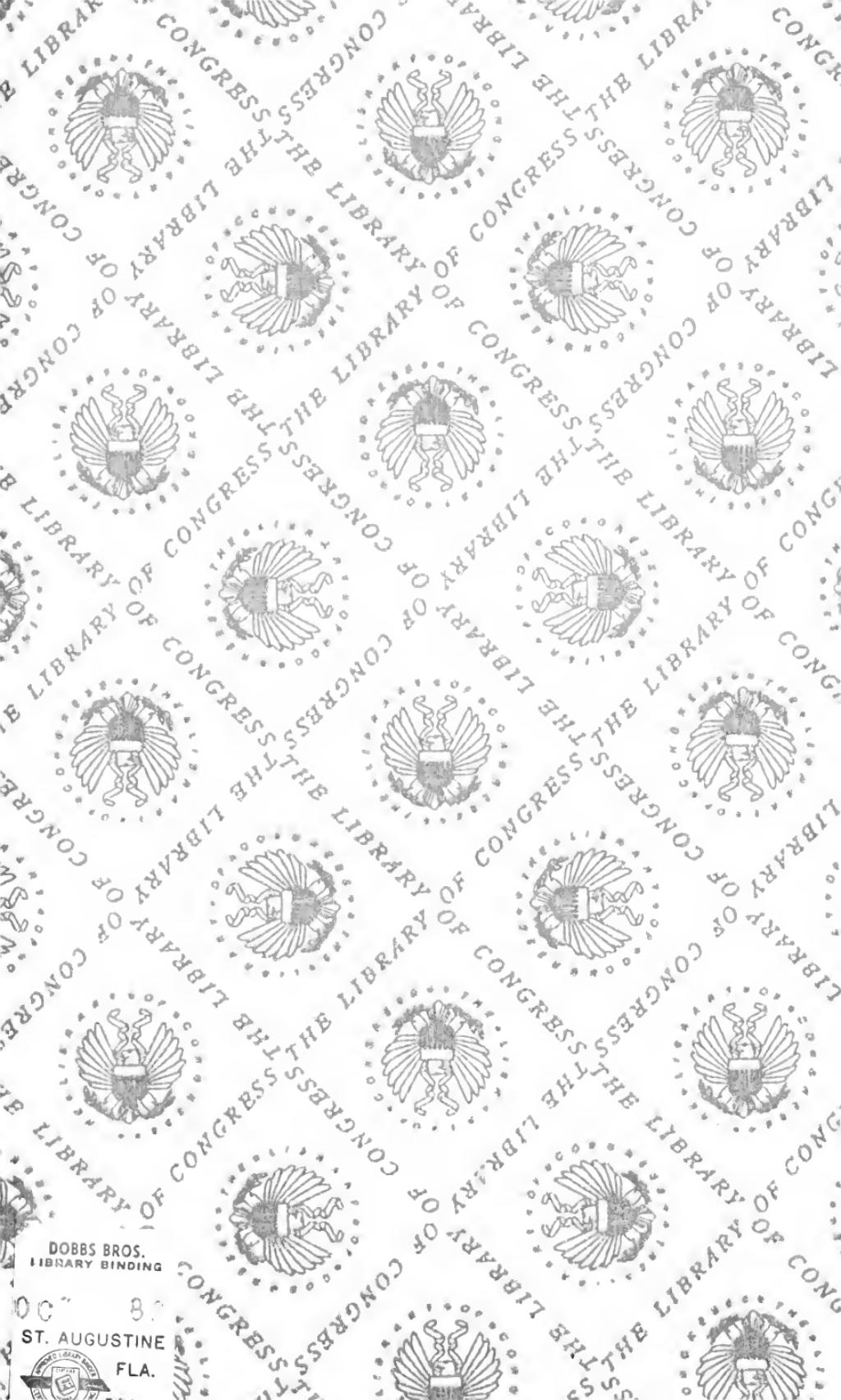


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

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